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PARTIES AND PROBABILITIES.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph* says that it presumes some of the gentlemen mentioned as Republican candidates for the Presidency

"have a sort of feeling in their bones that if the party at the next election is to have something more than a hit-or-miss chance, it must become what it was in 1860. That is, a progressive party that shall look forward rather than backward; that shall stand for something positive with regard to high public morality and the moral issues relating to the elevation of society; that shall point to future good things which it proposes to attain to by enlisting the sympathies and active support of the best intelligence, the best culture, and the best virtue of the nation; and that shall go into the fight under the leadership of men who shall distinctly represent the future rather than the past, or at least a definite future as well as the past."

The *Telegraph* here speaks of a general spirit and tendency, and not of specific measures, but its meaning is evident. It is a protest against the effort to recover power by an appeal to the past. It recognizes the fact that while the great service of the Republican party is gladly acknowledged, its defeat was due to the conviction that it had departed from its own best traditions. But is there now, or has there been since 1884, any evidence that the party proposes to take the position to which the *Telegraph* summons it? If it be understood that Mr. BLAINE has withdrawn from the contest for the nomination, is there any question that he is the choice of the large majority of the party? Is there, indeed, any doubt that it is very generally believed that his name will be "sprung" upon the Convention to secure his nomination in a tumult of enthusiasm? Is there any Republican leader whose hold upon the party is in any degree comparable with his? Is not the fact that since his Florence letter the number of possible candidates has largely increased the proof that his ascendency was practically undisputed? Whatever the purpose of his letter, or whether it has or has not practically prevented his nomination, does not the fact remain unchanged that he is virtually the representative of the present Republican party as HENRY CLAY was the representative of the Whigs?

If this be so, it follows that if for reasons of policy, because there were a few Whigs who might not have liked him, or because he could not poll votes other than Whig, CLAY had been set aside and another candidate nominated, it would have been only fair to judge the Whig party by its unquestionably representative leader. Whatever candidate might have been nominated or elected, the spirit of CLAY would still have dominated the party, and the policy that he approved would have been the party policy. It was the perception of this fact which led the Providence *Journal*, the most independent Republican journal in New England, to say, upon the publication of Mr. BLAINE'S letter, that the party must set aside Blaineism as well as BLAINE. That is what the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says in the passage that we have quoted. It is what ex-Mayor LOW practically says in his late speech and interview. Mr. LOW undoubtedly speaks for a certain conviction and feeling in the party. But these have always existed. They were, however, unable to move it in the direction to which the *Telegraph* and the *Journal* and Mr. LOW himself point, and there is no evidence whatever that these convictions and feelings are stronger now than they were five and six years ago, especially since many who shared them have withdrawn from the party. The *Journal* says:

"Contrary to the condition of affairs with the Democrats, the rank and file of the Republican party are, as a rule, ahead of their leaders in political wisdom, and constantly urging them up to higher levels. Such a party is more to be trusted than a party which a fortuitous and grudgingly accepted leader has to hold up to its duty by main strength, and whip into line with the lash of party necessity."

But which is preferable, a wise party which cannot secure a leader or a course upon the higher levels, or a leader upon the higher levels whom an unwise party cannot set aside because of public confidence in him? Upon any fair theory of party government, from which of the two are more satisfactory results to be expected? Ours is unquestionably a system of party government. But if what is called the better party is overborne by its worse element, and the worse party is represented in administration by its better element, a practical man would not be fooled by a name. The *Journal* admits that a candidate may be set aside without affecting the real disposition and tendency of the party. It is not Mr. BLAINE, it says, but Blaineism, which is the objection. The preference for a candidate it holds to be simply the evidence of a party condition. What, then, we repeat, is the proof, so long as a certain candidate is overwhelmingly preferred by the party, that the party condition has changed? These are questions which are raised by Republicans, not by mugwumps, and they furnish the answer to the question why all mugwumps should not instantly return to the support of any Republican candidate other than Mr. BLAINE. Is there any probability that such a candidate, should he be elected, would be more successful in holding a Blaineized party up to its duty and whipping it into line than Mr. CLEVELAND in doing the same thing with his party? The *Journal* says:

"If, as seems very clear, the Democrats are not willing to come unanimously and voluntarily up to that level, then the country has good reason to prefer not to trust for another four years to CLEVELAND'S ability to hold the downward tendency of his party in check."

But is that sound reasoning? As Mr. CLEVELAND would be re-elected because of his "level," and as he would have no motive in further re-election to abandon it, might he not be trusted much more reasonably for a second term than for a first term? It was very unlikely that a Democratic President would do what the *Journal* admits him to have done. Is it more unlikely that he should continue to do it when he is re-elected, especially when he is re-elected for the very reason that he has done it? It was, of course, much harder to restrain his party in the first four years of its return to power than it will be in the second four, and if it be admitted that he has held it to its duty and whipped it into line, the great objection that he cannot be stronger and better than his party disappears.

WILLIAM I. AND FREDERICK.

THE events of the last few weeks in Berlin are of singularly dramatic interest. The death of the Emperor under whom the long and earnest aspiration of Germany to become a politically organized nation has been fulfilled, and who dies at ninety, as it were in public, and with a certain simplicity and grandeur, like a hero of the Nibelungen; the return of his son as Emperor, equally heroic in the consciousness of impending death; the presence of the great statesman, already old, whose sagacity and indomitable will have directed the movement which the great soldier at his side, even older, carried into effect, and which the approval of the old Emperor made possible—all this is very impressive. The result wrought by WILLIAM and BISMARCK and MOLTKE has the element of greatness in human action, the power and grasp of the human mind and the unconquerable will. It is, however, a strange contrast which the sorrowful and proud affection of Berlin and Germany for the late Emperor offers with the feeling of forty years ago. For on the 18th of March, 1848, there was no German so detested as the Crown-Prince WILLIAM, the Emperor who has just died amid universal lamentation.

The reason was that in the midst of the revolutionary excitement of the time for constitutional government the Prince of Prussia represented the despotic principle. His father, and his brother who was then King, had deceived and disappointed the Prussian hope of a reasonable popular Constitution. On the 18th of March, after disturbances which had alarmed him, the King—a weak and sentimental monarch—had suddenly announced a grant of liberty of the press and the convocation of the Diet for an early day. The crowd hastened to the palace to thank him. In the midst of gratulation there was a sudden misunderstanding, and the soldiers fired. The reaction of popular feeling was furious. Before the rising storm the present Empress Dowager, then Princess of Prussia, fled from her palace, which would have been torn down but that a quick-witted citizen placed upon it a huge placard on which he had inscribed "National Property." The soldiers who through the night that followed, with cannon and musketry, pushed their way out from the great central street of Berlin, *Unter den Linden*, against and over the barricades that arose upon every side, were believed to be commanded by the Crown-Prince, and when the next morning the crowd bore the bodies of the dead to the royal palace, and compelled the King to come to the window and behold, with bare head, what it called the work of his hands, they would have rejoiced to know that the Crown-Prince also was among the slain. In the funeral procession of those who fell, walked the King's friend ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, and the King's horses were led behind the bier. The King for a moment had yielded to the demand for a Constitution, and it seemed as if the brief struggle of that night would suffice to secure for Prussia the boon which the Paris populace was seizing for France. Revolution was in the air. The storm was fierce, but the Crown-Prince was unyielding, and although hated and in danger, it was only upon the order of his brother the King that he left Prussia, where his mere presence excited a feeling which terrified the government.

The furious storm was but a gust. The army throughout had been faithful to the Prince, and he presently returned. He was essentially a soldier, and twelve years later, when he became King, he proceeded at once to reorganize the army, and to reveal his essentially despotic nature by saying, when the crown was placed upon his head, as his father had said before him, that he received it from the hand of God alone. Then followed familiar events. With BISMARCK, the most powerful of statesmen, as his right hand, and MOLTKE, the ablest of soldiers, as his left, and with the aspiration for national unity of fragmentary Germany to stimulate and support him, the King created a military despotism and the German Empire. In his late speech BISMARCK said that Germany could throw a million of men upon any threatened frontier of the empire. The dramatic interest of the present situation is heightened by the obscurity of the future. All that now seems probable is that ten years hence the new Emperor and BISMARCK and MOLTKE will be gone, and the young WILLIAM, of whom nothing is really known, will alone survive. Apparently the new Emperor stands sincerely where his grandfather, FREDERICK WILLIAM III., stood in 1815, when he promised a Constitution to Prussia, which he never gave. But the spirit of BISMARCK is not that of STEIN, and great as his achievements have been, they do not rival those of STEIN, who more than any man adjusted the mediæval kingdom to modern times. It is the tragedy of the hour that the man who seems to promise more for his country than any man since STEIN is probably doomed to see simultaneously both the great opportunity and his total inability to seize and improve it.

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

THE intelligent attention given to charity and almsgiving is one of the pleasantest phenomena of modern times. From the early doles at convents and religious houses to the later public poor-house, the care of the poor was mere giving, without regard to actual need or to inevitable consequences. The sturdy beggar or tramp was known in the time of ELIZABETH and earlier, and with the increase of population he was sure to become a serious social plague and peril. Idleness and fraud and crime of every degree would hide behind the mask of honest poverty, and the generous instinct for the relief of suffering would be used by crafty vagabonds for their own advantage. Fortunately the same humane impulse which led JOHN HOWARD personally to investigate the jails of England and Europe, and Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY to attempt the modification of a savage penal code, inspired certain thoughtful men and women to study the whole subject of modern poverty, with its causes and consequences, and to seek in familiar and sympathetic knowledge of the subject a wise and effective system of relief. Apart from honest poverty and helplessness resulting from many causes, it was soon seen that in great cities and crowded communities there is a vast system of dishonest poverty, and a rapidly increasing hereditary pauperism, fostered and strengthened by good-natured, wholly ignorant, and self-indulgent alms-giving, and that the real problem of humane charity is the better method of dealing with this peril.

The strong ally of dishonest poverty is the general selfishness which wishes to spare itself trouble, and which is delighted to do it under a consciousness of virtue. To give to the man or woman who is apparently starving in the street, to the blind or lame or sick who beg at the door, and while you easily spare an alms to feel that you have done a religious duty and have earned a blessing, is very comfortable. But the investigation of the sincerely charitable, who give themselves as well as bread and meat and money to the poor, has ascertained beyond question that the larger part of the money so given goes to the saloon, and breeds drunkenness and endless suffering and crime, or enables the idle to live by begging instead of industry, and so to multiply beggars and perpetuate organized fraud. Thus the question of charity

becomes at once part of the other great question of crime. It is plain that the essential preliminary of all giving is knowledge of the necessity of giving. Religion, humanity, and civic duty all combine in the demand that a man shall know what he is doing when he gives a shilling to a beggar. He is morally bound to take care that he is not tempting and degrading other men and injuring society. He is not to invest his self-indulgence and shirking of duty with an air of religion and charity. It is as much his duty to know what he is about when he gives a dollar to a beggar as when he gives his name to a petition or a recommendation. To do either of them blindly is to do himself and the community a grievous wrong.

In large cities, where churches maintain a charity fund, of which the pastor or a committee is the almoner, it is found that even this does not prevent great abuses. Each church works separately, and consequently half a dozen churches often support the same person, each supposing that it is the only source of relief. This is but one form of the ingenuity which preys upon the charitable instinct of society. A natural and wise step, therefore, in the progress of intelligent charity was the organization of a common society of inquiry, of which churches and associations of relief should be members, for the purpose of preventing this involuntary but demoralizing game of cross-purposes among themselves, and also of ascertaining, for those who wish to give, the merits of applicants into whose condition the givers cannot inquire. This is the function of the Charity Organization Society—a society which does not give, but inquires, and whose value and service have been recently vehemently assailed as "the incarnation of a corrupt civilization," "a prostitution of Christianity, turning its disciples into spies and detectives," "a loathsome leaf in the Bible of political atheism," while Mayor HEWITT in supporting it has been charged with virtually crushing the poor. This violent rhetoric avails little against the recorded results of the excellent work of the association, which Bishop POTTER cordially approves and sustains, and no man's word upon the subject is entitled to greater weight than his. That in the conduct of such inquiries as those of the society there should be sometimes errors and incidents to regret is inevitable. But its usefulness is obvious, and its title to public sympathy and support is undeniable.

GENERAL JAMES ON THE POSTAL SERVICE.

THERE is no person in the country who is more competent by long experience and great knowledge to speak of the postal service and system than ex-Postmaster-General JAMES, and his recent address before the Railroad Men's Club was full of valuable suggestion. He said truly that the Post-office is the great popular department of the government, for besides its special function as the conveyer of letters, books, and newspapers, it is also the largest express company on the continent, with an office at every cross-road, carrying merchandise cheaply and safely to every point in the land. It is also the greatest of banking institutions in the country, engaged in transactions with every other country in the world, the payments and receipts at the New York office alone during the last year reaching the sum of $80,000,000.

General JAMES says that the most urgent present need of the postal service is "the total elimination of partisan considerations as affecting appointments and removals in its working force." This is a view which is not new with him, for he stated it in his report as Postmaster-General, when he had all the enormous patronage of the department in his own hands. There was nothing more creditable to the Republican party than that this was the view of one of its chief administrative officers, and a view which he would have observed in practice. In his address he points out that no public offices are more emphatically public trusts than those which are immediately concerned with the business and social welfare of the entire community. There could be therefore no more flagrant abuse of a public trust than the perversion of the vast machinery of this branch of the public service "for furthering the ambitious ends of local or other partisans, by allowing them to distribute its 'patronage' as rewards for party services among those who by reason of inexperience, if for no graver cause, are incompetent to replace the skilled workmen, who must be rotated out in order to give them room." The civil service law, applying to the larger offices only, has done much, wherever faithfully administered, to maintain efficiency, but it leaves the great body of post-offices and the railway mail service untouched and at the mercy of local partisans. General JAMES is a practical man of affairs and a warm partisan, but he says, with an emphasis which is significant and conclusive:

> "The reform is not only a present necessity, but it was one in the past, and will be in the future until the force of public sentiment shall compel acquiescence in the reasonable demand that what was so eminently meant for mankind shall not be given up to party; that the non-political business of letter-carrying, which the government has monopolized, shall be conducted by it solely with a view to the prompt and expeditious carrying of letters, and not with the object of carrying Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Alaska, or Buncombe County."

He finds another pressing need of the postal service to be a careful revision and codification of the postal statutes, and a condensation and intelligible classification of the regulations, which are now a bewildering jumble. He justly admires the stability of interpretation and methods which is incompatible with incessant changes of the head of the department, and adds that in England, where Postmaster-Generals may come and go, the Secretary of the General Post-office goes on forever, and stability is secured. The other and last need of the service which General JAMES mentions is wise economy, securing to the offices in large cities that ample and qualified service which goes far toward securing it everywhere. He ended his valuable and timely address by saying that he hoped

> "grace may be given to our legislators and others in authority to realize the wisdom of seeking first the efficiency of the service, in the full assurance that if not 'all other things,' at least a corresponding revenue, will be added thereto, and the postal service of the United States become not only the cheapest but the best in the world."

These are the reform views of a Republican, but unhappily they are not necessarily the views of the Republican party, for Senator INGALLS is also a vehement Republican, and he wrote publicly last year to a Republican meeting in Massachusetts, a State which had nearly given its electoral vote to Mr. CLEVELAND as a civil service reformer:

> "Between the contagious virus of Democracy and the senile gangrene of civil service reform, the political degradation of Massachusetts is nearly complete."

If the views and practice of General JAMES had been those of the Republican party, Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been elected.

A PERSISTENT QUESTION.

IN the Iowa Assembly recently a bill to confer municipal and school suffrage upon women came near its passage. In the Massachusetts Legislature a similar bill met with great favor. In Ohio a bill giving municipal suffrage to women is pending, and one was introduced last year also in New York.

While thus this question persistently presses itself, and in Wyoming and Washington Territories women already vote, and in Kansas are granted municipal suffrage, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has written a characteristically forcible paper in the *National Review*, stating that he would rather see English women turn black than become like some of the "public women" in America. But on behalf of the municipal woman suffrage bill in Massachusetts, Mr. GEORGE PELLEW has published a pamphlet upon "Woman and the Commonwealth," treating it as "a question of expediency," which is one of the ablest, freshest, and most conclusive arguments which we have seen upon the subject. The good-natured felicity and remorseless logic with which Mr. PELLEW pulverizes and dissipates the stock objections to such suffrage is most amusing. Mr. PELLEW turns all the heavy and light weapons of his opponents against themselves with such ease and deadly skill that they must themselves smile to be annihilated so charmingly yet so completely.

We commend the slim and neatly bound pamphlet of Mr. PELLEW, which is published by Messrs. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co., to all legislators and others who propose to "show fight" upon this interesting question. It is a model of graceful and fatal fence, an exquisite illustration of pure dialectics, or the art of reasoning. If the cause shall find many such champions in the Legislatures where the question is pending, its opponents may prepare to adopt the wise course of DAVY CROCKETT's famous 'coon.

"PORTE CRAYON."

THE older readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE recall with peculiar pleasure the papers of "Porte Crayon" about thirty years ago—sketches of Virginian life written with delightful humor and brilliantly illustrated. They were the work of DAVID HUNTER STROTHER, who was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, seventy-two years ago, and died at Charlestown, in the same neighborhood, on the 8th of March. He was educated at schools in Virginia and in Philadelphia, and early showed a strong inclination for painting, which he studied with S. F. B. MORSE, the inventor of the electric telegraph. In 1840 he made the European tour, and upon his return devoted himself to literature and art, his chief productions being his illustrated contributions to HARPER.

During the war General STROTHER and his father were among the few conspicuous Virginians who remained steadfastly devoted to the Union. He served throughout the contest, first upon the staff of General PATTERSON, then under Generals BANKS, KEARNY, POPE, and MCCLELLAN. Finally he was chief of staff to General HUNTER, and was obliged to resign in 1864 on account of ill health, having been brevetted Brigadier-General for meritorious service. His military career was characteristic of the man. His convictions were strong, and his sense of duty clear. He was not content to wish well to the cause which he held to be just, and his active devotion to it involved sacrifices which only a citizen of a Southern State could know.

After the war General STROTHER served upon the staff of Governor PIERPONT, of Virginia, and in 1877 he was appointed Consul-General to Mexico, where he remained for seven years. His "Porte Crayon" sketches are interesting as vivid pictures of aspects of a local life which has now become largely legendary. At the time of their publication they shared the popularity of ABBOTT's illustrated *Life of Napoleon*, which was read with great and general interest and pleasure.

HENRY BERGH.

THE name of HENRY BERGH will be always distinctively known as that of the friend of animals. He may indeed be properly ranked among philanthropists, because the thoughtful care of animals which he inculcated necessarily produced a quicker perception of human suffering and a more effective sympathy with it. His devotion to his cause was a striking illustration of the modern spirit of humanity, which thinks nothing beyond its range that consciously lives, and which does not fear the taunt of sentimentality so much as indifference to suffering of any kind.

It is a remarkable service to have aroused the conscience of a country to its duty toward the dependent brute creation, and to have stimulated general care for those who cannot help themselves. His manly persistence through ridicule, incredulity, impatience, anger, and hostility has made everybody in the country more observant of cruelty to animals, and more interested and resolved to relieve it. It is a beautiful service, incalculable in its extent, and not the less beautiful because it seemed sometimes unreasonable in its demands, and even to threaten the progress of curative science.

Mr. BERGH'S contest with the friends of vivisection was strongly urged by him, and pushed sometimes to what seemed extreme measures. But it was of undoubted public service, both in awakening public sentiment to the fact of careless and reckless cruelty under the plea of scientific necessity and sanitary benefit, and in greatly diminishing the amount of that cruelty by apprising students that they are closely observed. It is, of course, impossible that a work of the nature and extent of Mr. BERGH'S should be prosecuted without occasional errors and excesses. But whatever these may have been, they will all be readily forgotten in the contemplation of his heroic and untiring and most successful work, a work all the more touching because its impulse was an absolutely unselfish devotion to the welfare of those who could never thank him nor even know that he was their friend. HENRY BERGH'S will be a unique renown, and it was most nobly won.

PERSONAL.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS sat down one night not long ago and wrote a single-act play before he quit the work, which lasted from eight o'clock in the evening till half past two in the morning. He drank eight cups of black coffee while he wrote, and converted twenty-nine cigarettes into ashes.

—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is economical of his handwriting. "C. VANDERBILT" is his business signature, as it also was his grandfather's, the famous Commodore. By contenting himself with merely the initial of his first name, Mr. VANDERBILT saves driving his pen a good many miles a year, counting only the number of times that he has to put it to checks and the like.

—Answering criticisms regarding the delay in completing the Lick Observatory, Professor JAMES E. KEELER insists that all the progress has been made consistent with thoroughness. Only those closely associated with the work can appreciate the magnitude of what has already been accomplished. "I myself," he says, "have given up a position elsewhere in anticipation of the chances on Mount Hamilton, yet I believe that every delay is with good cause, and for the final advantage of the institution."

—CHRISTINE NILSSON, though yet in the prime of her powers, is to leave the operatic stage. After this season she will sing only for charity's sake. She has a rich husband.

—Professor TRENT, of Johns Hopkins University, lecturing to Baltimore working-men, has been impressing the fact that there is nothing new under the sun. There were tenement-houses, he says, in ancient Athens, with many families in one house. There were corners in the iron market and in the olive-oil industry then, manipulated just as are Wall Street corners now. And there were slave-insurance offices, where the old Greek, for about one dollar a year, could be insured against his slaves running away.

—WILL CARLETON is enjoying the winter delights of Sicily.

—One of those snow-bound in New York by last week's blizzard was the widow of President GARFIELD. She had just returned from Europe, and was anxious to reach her Ohio home, but the storm relentlessly detained her. Miss MOLLIE GARFIELD, her mother's travelling companion on the recent foreign tour, is to be married in June to Mr. J. STANLEY BROWN, who was General GARFIELD's private secretary. Mr. BROWN is a manly young fellow, not yet thirty years old, who fell in love with MOLLIE GARFIELD as long ago as when, in her early teens, he used to carry her books to school for her every morning.

—How devoted royalty can be when its mind is once made up appears in the fact that Queen VICTORIA's latest son-in-law, Prince HENRY of Battenberg, has just dislocated both his arms and broken a shoulder-blade in hunting.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales, in celebrating their silver wedding, have received costly gifts from the English people in abundance. One present—that from the London Corporation—was a model of England's Imperial Institute, containing 800 pounds of solid silver.

—The friends of FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN claim that he is a more remarkable man than his brother the Cardinal. For forty years the brothers have been separated by their religious beliefs. FRANCIS WILLIAM married and began a life of scholastic labor, philological, scientific, and metaphysical. He made grammars of obscure tongues; he wrote deeply thoughtful books on religious dissent. He was shut out from Oxford as a Freethinker, just as his brother was excluded for Catholicism. Old men say now that it was FRANCIS NEWMAN who made possible in England that skeptical frame of mind which welcomed the discoveries and systems of DARWIN and HUXLEY. He it was who prepared the ground for the scientific seed that was to follow.

—Shabby old hats seem to be a fad with certain Washington officials. The one worn by Senator EVARTS is world-famous, and that of Attorney-General GARLAND is running it a sharp race. It is not quite as old as that of Senator EVARTS, but it is shabbier. The Attorney-General has been remonstrated with by his friends, but he replies that he likes old things better than new, and that nature did not intend him for a dandy.

—The Rev. THOMAS A. UZZELL is the best known mining-camp preacher in Colorado. He was pastor of a church at Leadville when that town was at its wildest, and he has probably presided at the funerals and weddings of more depraved characters than any man in the West. In his youth he was inclined to fast ways, but he became converted at an early age, and after his conversion he determined to work among the class of people who he thought needed religious teaching the most, but who were the least likely to get it. Mr. UZZELL is very popular in his parish, and has been the means of accomplishing a great deal of good.

—Stenographer D. F. MURPHY has been the reporter of the United States Senate for nearly forty years. He has reported CLAY, WEBSTER, and CASS, and later SUMNER, SEWARD, and other famous Senators. The Senate was first successfully reported by a stenographer in 1848; there had been attempts before that, but they were not satisfactory.

—"M. DE LESSEPS may be a crank, or even a downright rascal," says an American banker lately home from a trip to Europe, "but the man who gets a chance to talk with him—the chance to listen to him, I mean—isn't likely to heed harsh criticisms of him right away. I was with him an hour one afternoon, having been introduced as a chronic disbeliever in his Panama canal scheme—an hour the most intellectually enjoyable I have ever known. The old man held me captive with the flow of his words, and every word had an idea tacked to it. It was simply a phenomenal outburst of eloquence, simple, dignified, supremely earnest. I was dazed by the powers of the man, and I quit his presence, not a convert perhaps, but determined that if there had to be any pitching into the enthusiastic old fellow, somebody else could do it. Another hour, and I think I should have become an out-and-out DE LESSEPS partisan."

HENRY BERGH.

In the person of Henry Bergh a well-known figure has disappeared from New York city life. On Monday morning, 12th instant, at his residence, 429 Fifth Avenue, about the hour of five, when the storm was raging most fiercely, the great humanitarian and philanthropist breathed his last. Mr. Bergh lost his wife in June last, and it has been noticed that since that time he has gradually failed in health.

Henry Bergh was born in New York city in 1823. He had therefore reached his sixty-fifth year. He was of German descent. His grandfather, a ship-builder, came from the Rhine country in the early part of the eighteenth century, and settled at Staatsburg, on the upper Hudson. The eldest son, Christian, continued the ship-building business, removing it to Brooklyn, where it was long a well-known feature of the East River, at the foot of Scannel Street. It was here where Christian Bergh built the *President*, which did excellent work in the war of 1812, and which was finally captured and carried across the Atlantic by the British. By his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Ivers, a Connecticut lady, he had a family of three children, two sons and a daughter. In his later years his sons Henry and Edwin had become partners in his business. At the ripe age of eighty-three the elder Bergh passed away, leaving to his children a considerable fortune.

Henry Bergh, having but little taste for ship-building, being rather of a literary turn of mind, which he had cultivated for a time at Columbia College, and desirous to travel abroad, the partnership was dissolved and the ship-yard broken up in 1842. Having married a Miss Taylor, daughter of a rich Englishman resident in New York, Henry and his young wife went to Europe, travelling extensively, and finally settling in the Rhine country near the old home of the Berghs. At this time he dabbled somewhat in literature, producing a legend which he called *Love's Alternations*, and a satire directed against American mothers who married their daughters to impecunious European noblemen. At length, in 1862, and while still in Europe, he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, Cassius M. Clay being at the time American Minister at that capital. In 1864 he resigned his position on account of ill health, attributed to the climate, returning by way of England, and making the acquaintance of many distinguished persons, among them the Earl of Harrowby, at that time President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the great city of London. Bergh's mind had already been turned to the condition of the dumb brutes. He had been pained by some of the sights which he had witnessed in St. Petersburg, and it was no doubt with a purpose in view that he sought the acquaintance of Lord Harrowby. Many years had passed since the condition of the dumb creatures had commanded attention and led to combined action both in London and Edinburgh.

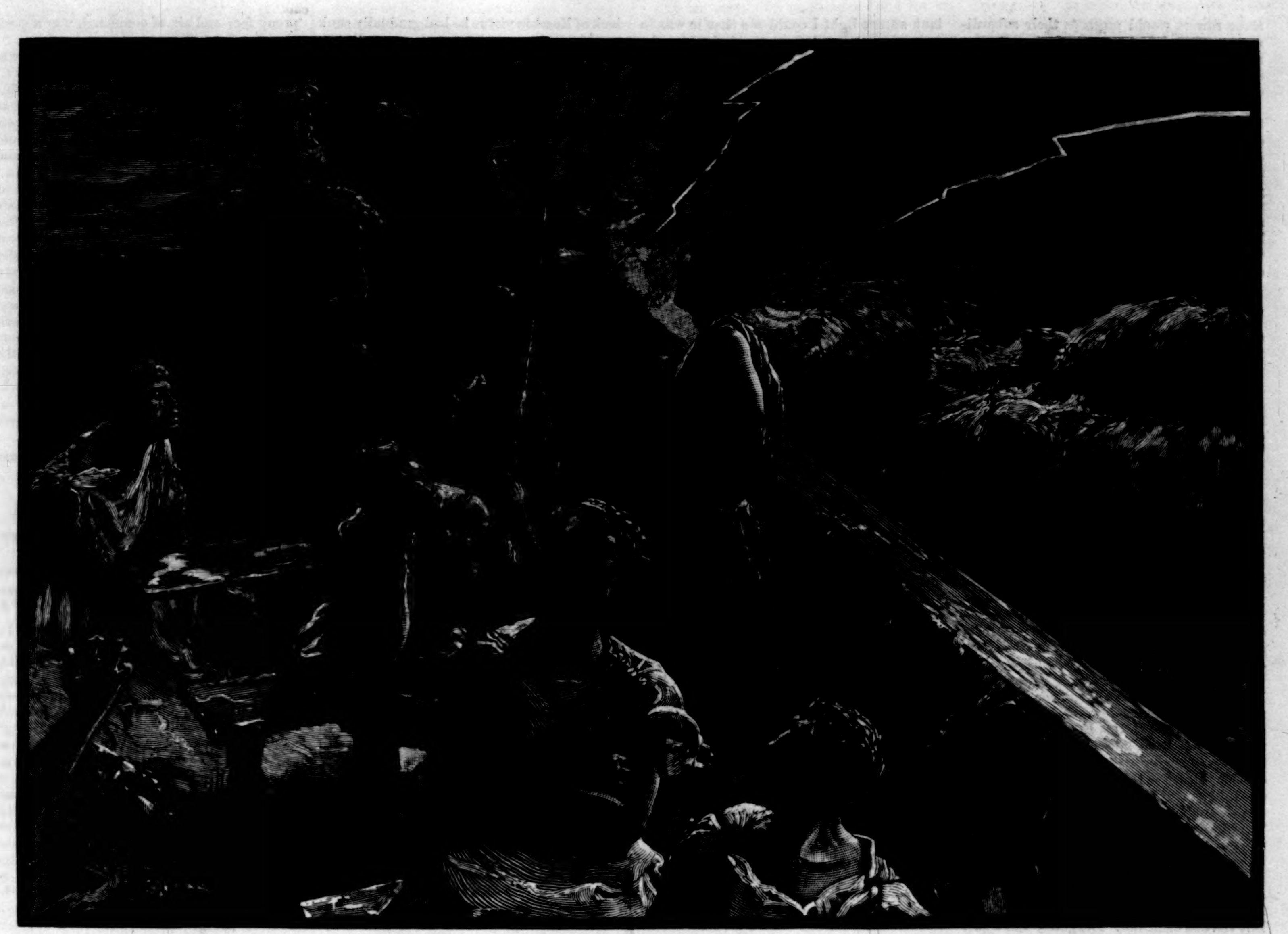
THE LATE HENRY BERGH.

In 1864 Henry Bergh was back in New York, and in the following year the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized, Mr. Bergh President. In 1866 he obtained some exceptional powers from the Legislature—powers without which it would have been impossible to carry on the work. Statutes were passed giving him the right to arrest and prosecute; and in the last-named year, on April 10th, the society was formally incorporated. Mr. Bergh had fought hard. During that winter no figure had been more conspicuous in Albany. No lobbyist had ever been more industrious when place or power or money was concerned. He had won at last, and was happy. What that society has done from first to last almost everybody knows. When first organized it was impossible to walk along our streets without being sickened at the sight of suffering animals and at the brutality of men. How changed is the situation now! The society under Bergh not only came to the rescue of the much-abused dumb beast, not only removed the nuisance, but taught man that it was economy to be kind to his horse and his mule. It was a hard task to perform, for the opposition was both powerful and persistent. Bergh, however, persevered, and won; and long before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that his principles had been adopted and put in practice in every populous community and in almost every State of the Union.

In 1871 Louis Bonard, a wealthy Frenchman, left the society $150,000—a bequest which enabled the society to remove from their limited quarters at Broadway and Fourth Street to the present commodious home, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. In 1873 Mr. Bergh went on a lecturing tour in the West, and with much good effect. He sought to influence the clergy, and his addresses to the Evangelical Alliance in New York and to the Episcopal Convention were productive of good fruit. In 1874 he arrested a man for inhumanity to a little girl, and the incident led to the formation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—a society which has commanded public approval, and which has done and is doing excellent work. Mr. Bergh's sympathy went out to all helpless creatures. If in some cases he did not sufficiently discriminate, it has to be borne in mind that he was consistent in the application of principles, and that his purpose was noble.

In person Henry Bergh was tall and spare. The face was sharp, with high forehead and light blue eyes. In the main the expression was intellectual, although sad—so much so as to win for him the title of "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He was rich, and therefore he gave his services for nothing. He was fond of the theatre, and was rarely absent on first nights if anything uncommon was expected. Besides the works named already, he wrote several tales and sketches, such as "The Streets of New York," "The Portentous Telegram," "The Ocean Paragon"; and some plays, such as *A Decided Scamp*, *An Extraordinary Envoy*, and *Peculiar People*. Mr. Bergh's power, however, did not lie in the pen. He was well guided in his choice of work; and of him can be said, what cannot be said of many—he made the world better by passing through it. His life was a blessing; and his work must ever remain his noblest monument.

CITY HAPPENINGS AFTER THE STORM.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.



"THERE WERE ALL THE ROWERS, EACH ONE UPON HIS SEAT, AND FROM THEM ALL THERE CAME FORTH A CHANT WHICH WAS FULL OF TRIUMPH."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VOYAGE OVER THE POLE.

THE discovery of our love had brought a crisis in our fate for me and Almah. The Kohen hailed it with joy, for now was the time when he would be able to present us to the Kohen Gadol. Our doom was certain and inevitable. We were to be taken to the *amir*; we were to be kept until the end of the dark season, and then we were both to be publicly sacrificed. After this our bodies were to be set apart for the hideous rites of the *Mista Kosek*. Such was the fate that lay before us.

The Kohen was now anxious to take us to the *amir*. I might possibly have persuaded him to postpone our departure, but I saw no use in that. It seemed better to go, for it was possible that amid new scenes and among new people there might be hope. This, too, seemed probable to Almah, who was quite anxious to go. The Kohen pressed forward the preparations, and at length a galley was ready for us.

This galley was about three hundred feet in length and fifty in width, but not more than six feet in depth. It was like a long raft. The rowers, two hundred in number, sat on a level with the water, one hundred on each side. The oars were small, being not more than twelve feet in length, but made of very light, tough material, with very broad blades. The galley was steered with broad-bladed paddles at both ends. There was no mast or sail. Astern was a light poop, surmounted by a pavilion, and forward there was another. At the bow there was a projecting platform, used chiefly in fighting the *thannin* or sea monsters, and also in war. There were no masts or flags or gay streamers; no brilliant colors; all was intensely black, and the ornaments were of the same hue.

We were now treated with greater reverence than ever, for we were looked upon as the recipients of the highest honor that could fall to any of the Kosekin, namely, the envied dignity of a public death. As we embarked, the whole city lined the public ways, and watched us from the quays, from boats, and from other galleys. Songs were sung by a chosen choir of paupers, and to the sound of this plaintive strain we moved out to sea.

"This will be a great journey for me," said the Kohen, as we left the port. "I hope to be made a pauper at least, and perhaps gain the honor of a public death. I have known people who have gained death for less. There was an Alhon last year who attacked a pehmet with forty men and one hundred and twenty rowers. All were killed or drowned except himself. In reward for this he gained the *mudecheb*, or death recompense. In addition to this he was set apart for the *Mista Kosek*."

"Then with you, when a man procures the death of others, he is honored?"

"Why, yes; how could it be otherwise?" said the Kohen. "Is it not the same with you? Have you not told me incredible things about your people, among which there were a few that seemed natural and intelligible? Among these was your system of honoring above all men those who procure the death of the largest number. You, with your pretended fear of death, wish to meet it in battle as eagerly as we do, and your most renowned men are those who have sent most to death."

To this strange remark I had no answer to make.

The air out at sea now grew chiller. The Kohen noticed it also, and offered me his cloak, which I refused. He seemed surprised and smiled.

"You are growing like one of us," said he. "You will soon learn that the greatest happiness in life is to do good to others and sacrifice yourself. You already show this in part. When you are with Almah you act like one of the Kosekin. You watch her to see and anticipate her slightest wish; you are eager to give her everything. She, on the other hand, is equally eager to give up all to you. Each one of you is willing to lay down life for the other. You would gladly rush upon death to save her from harm, much as you pretend to fear death; and so I see that, with Almah, you will soon learn how sweet a thing death may be."

"To live without her," said I, "would be so bitter that death with her would indeed be sweet. If I could save her life by laying down my own, death would be sweeter still; and not one of you Kosekin would meet it so gladly."

The Kohen smiled joyously.

"Oh, almighty and wondrous power of Love!" he exclaimed, "how thou hast transformed this foreigner! Oh, Atam-or! you will soon be one of us altogether. For see, how is it now? You pretend to love riches and life, and yet you are ready to give up everything for Almah."

"Gladly, gladly!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "all that you have you would gladly lavish on her, and would rejoice to make yourself a pauper for her sweet sake. You also would rejoice equally to give up life for her. Is it not so?"

"It is," said I.

"Then I see by this that Almah has awakened within you your true human nature. Thus far it has lain dormant; it has been concealed under a thousand false and unnatural habits, arising from your strange native customs. You have been brought up under some frightful system, where nature is violated. Here among us your true humanity is unfolded, and with Almah you are like the Kosekin. Soon you will learn new lessons, and will find out that there is a new and a final self-abnegation in perfect love; and your love will never rest till you have separated yourself from Almah, so that love can have its perfect work."

The sea now opened wide before us, rising up high as if half-way to the zenith, giving the impression of a vast ascent to endless distances. Around the shores spread themselves, with the shadowy outlines of the mountains; above was the sky, all clear, with faint aurora flashes and gleaming stars. Hand-in-hand with Almah I stood and pointed out the constellations as we marked them, while she told me of the different divisions known among the Kosekin as well as her own people. There, high in the zenith, was the southern polar-star, not exactly at the pole, nor yet of very great brightness, yet still sufficiently noticeable.

Looking back, we saw, low down, parts of the Phœnix and the Crane; higher up, the Toucan, Hydrus, and Pavo. On our right, low down, was the beautiful Altar; higher up, the Triangle; while on the left were the Sword-fish and the Flying-fish. Turning to look forward, we beheld a more splendid display. Then over the bow of the vessel, between the Centaur, which lay low, and Musca Indica, which rose high, there blazed the bright stars of the Southern Cross—a constellation if not the brightest, at least the most conspicuous and attractive, in all the heavens. All around there burned other stars, separated widely. Then over the stern gleamed the splendid lustre of Acherner, on the left the brilliant glow of Arobur and Canopus, and low down before us the bright light of Argo. It was a scene full of splendor and fascination. After a time a change came over the sky: the aurora flashes, at first faint, gradually increased in brilliancy till the stars grew dim, and all the sky, wherever the eye might turn from the horizon to the zenith, seemed filled with lustrous flames of every conceivable hue. Colossal beams radiated from the pole toward the horizon till the central light was dissipated, and there remained encircling us an infinite colonnade of flaming pillars that towered to the stars. These were all in motion, running upon one another, incessantly shifting and changing; new scenes forever succeeded to old; pillars were transformed to pyramids, pyramids to fiery bars; these in their turn were transformed to other shapes, and all the while one tint of innumerable hues overspread the entire circle of the sky.

Our voyage occupied several *joms*; but our progress was continuous, for different sets of rowers relieved one another at regular intervals. On the second *jom* a storm broke out. The sky had been gathering clouds during sleeping-time, and when we awoke we found the sea all lashed to fury, while all around the darkness was intense. The storm grew steadily worse; the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and at length the sea was so heavy that rowing was impossible. Upon this the oars were all taken in, and the galley lay tossing upon the furious sea, amid waves that continually beat upon her.

And now a scene ensued that filled me with amazement, and took away all my thoughts from the storm. It seemed impossible that so frail a bark could stand the fury of the waves. Destruction was inevitable, and I was expecting to see the usual signs of grief and despair—wondering, too, how

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

these rowers would preserve their subordination. But I had forgotten in my excitement the strange nature of the Kosekin. Instead of terror there was joy, instead of wild despair there was peace and serene delight.

The lightning flashes revealed a wonderful scene. There were all the rowers, each one upon his seat, and from them all there came forth a chant which was full of triumph, like a song of public welcome to some great national hero, or a song of joy over victory. The officers embraced one another and exchanged words of delight. The Kohen, after embracing all the others, turned to me, and, forgetting my foreign ways, exclaimed, in a tone of enthusiastic delight:

"We are destroyed! Death is near! Rejoice!"

Accustomed as I was to the perils of the sea, I had learned to face death without flinching. Almah too was calm, for to her this death seemed preferable to that darker fate which awaited us; but the words of the Kohen jarred upon my feelings.

"Do you not intend to do anything to save the ship?" I asked.

He laughed joyously.

"There's no occasion," said he. "When the oars are taken in, we always begin to rejoice. And why not? Death is near—it is almost certain. Why should we do anything to distract our minds and mar our joy? For oh, dear friend, the glorious time has come when we can give up life—life with all its toils, its burdens, its endless bitternesses, its perpetual evils. Now we shall have no more suffering from vexations and oppressive riches, from troublesome honors, from a surplus of food, from luxuries and delicacies, and all the ills of life."

"But what is the use of being born at all?" I asked, in a wonder that never ceased to rise at every fresh display of Kosekin feeling.

"The use?" said the Kohen. "Why, if we were not born, how could we know the bliss of dying, or enjoy the sweetness of death? Death is the end of being—the one sweet hope and crown and glory of life, the one desire and hope of every living man. The blessing is denied to none. Rejoice with me, oh Atam-or! you will soon know its blessedness as well as I."

He turned away. I held Almah in my arms, and we watched the storm by the lightning flashes and waited for the end. But the end came not. The galley was light, broad, and buoyant as a life-boat; at the same time it was so strongly constructed that there was scarcely any twist or contortion in the sinewy fabric. So we floated buoyantly and safely upon the summit of vast waves, and a storm that would have destroyed a ship of the European fashion scarcely injured this in the slightest degree. It was as indestructible as a raft and as buoyant as a bubble; so we rode out the gale, and the death which the Kosekin invoked did not come at all.

The storm was but short-lived; the clouds dispersed, and soon went scudding over the sky; the sea went down. The rowers had to take their oars once more, and the reaction that followed upon their recent rejoicings was visible in universal gloom and dejection. As the clouds dispersed the aurora lights came out more splendid than ever, and showed nothing but melancholy faces. The rowers pulled with no life or animation; the officers stood about sighing and lamenting. Almah and I were the only ones that rejoiced over this escape from death.

Joms passed. We saw other sights; we met with galleys and saw many ships about the sea. Some were moved by sails only; these were merchant-ships, but they had only square sails, and could not sail in any other way than before the wind. Once or twice I caught glimpses of vast shadowy objects in the air. I was startled and terrified; for, great as were the wonders of this strange region, I had not yet suspected that the air itself might have denizens as tremendous as the land or the sea. Yet so it was, and afterward during the voyage I saw them often. One in particular was so near that I observed it with ease. It came flying along in the same course with us, at a height of about fifty feet from the water. It was a frightful monster, with a long body and vast wings like those of a bat. Its progress was swift, and it soon passed out of sight. To Almah the monster created no surprise; she was familiar with them, and told me that they were very abundant here, but that they never were known to attack ships. She informed me that they were capable of being tamed if caught when young, though in her country they were never made use of. The name given by the Kosekin to these monsters is *athaleb*.

At length we drew near to our destination. We reached a large harbor at the end of a vast bay: here the mountains extended around, and before us there arose terrace after terrace of twinkling lights running away to immense distances. It looked like a city of a million inhabitants, though it may have contained far less than that. By the brilliant aurora light I could see that it was in general shape and form precisely like the city that we had left, though far larger and more populous. The harbor was full of ships and boats of all sorts, some lying at the stone quays, others leaving port, others entering. Galleys passed and repassed, and merchant-ships with their clumsy sails, and small fishing-boats. From afar arose the deep hum of a vast multitude and the low roar that always ascends from a populous city.

The galley hauled alongside her wharf, and we found ourselves at length in the mighty *amir* of the Kosekin. The Kohen alone landed; the rest remained on board, and Almah and I with them.

Other galleys were here. On the wharf workmen were moving about. Just beyond were caverns that looked like warehouses. Above these was a terraced street, where a vast multitude moved to and fro—a living tide as crowded and as busy as that in Cheapside.

After what seemed a long time the Kohen returned. This time he came with a number of people, all of whom were in cars drawn by opkuks. Half were men and half women. These came aboard, and it seemed as though we were to be separated; for the women took Almah, while the men took me.

Upon this I entreated the Kohen not to separate us. I informed him that we were both of a different race from his, that we did not understand their ways; we should be miserable if separated.

I spoke long and with all the entreaty possible to one with my limited acquaintance with the language. My words evidently impressed them: some of them even wept.

"You make us sad," said the Kohen. "Willingly would we do everything that you bid, for we are your slaves; but the state law prevents. Still, in your case, the law will be modified; for you are in such honor here that you may be considered as beyond the laws. For the present, at least, we cannot separate you."

These words brought much consolation. After this we landed, and Almah and I were still together.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WONDERS OF THE "AMIR."

We were drawn on cars up to the first terraced street, and here we found the vast multitude which we had seen from a distance. Crossing this street we ascended and came to another precisely like it; then, still going on, we came to a third. Here there was an immense space, not overgrown with trees like the streets, but perfectly open. In the midst arose a lofty pyramid, and as I looked at it I could not refrain from shuddering; for it looked like the public altar, upon which in due time I should be compelled to make my appearance, and be offered up as a victim to the terrific superstitions of the Kosekin.

Crossing this great square we came to a vast portal, which opened into a cavern with twinkling lights. The city itself extended above this, for we could see the terraced streets rising above our heads; but here our progress ended at the great cavern in the chief square, opposite the pyramid.

On entering the cavern we traversed an antechamber, and then passing on we reached a vast dome, of dimensions so great that I could perceive no end in that gloom. The twinkling lights served only to disclose the darkness and to indicate the immensity of the cavern. In the midst there arose two enormous columns, which were lost in the gloom above.

It was only by passing through this that we learned its great extent. We at length came to the other end, and here we saw numerous passages leading away. The Kohen led us through one of these, and after passing through several other domes of smaller dimensions we at length reached an apartment where we stopped. This place was furnished with couches and hangings, and lighted with flaming lamps. The light was distressing to those who had accompanied us, and many of them left, while the few who remained had to cover their eyes. Here we found that all preparations had been made. The apartments were all illuminated, though our love of light never ceased to be a matter of amazement to the Kosekin, and a bounteous repast was spread for us. But the Kohen and the others found the light intolerable, and soon left us to ourselves.

After the repast some women appeared to take Almah to her chamber, and, with the usual kindness of the Kosekin, they assured her that she would not be expected to obey the law of separation, but that she was to remain here, where she would be always within reach of me.

After her departure there came to visit me the lowest man in all the land of the Kosekin, though, according to our view, he would be esteemed the highest. This was the *Kohen Gadol*. His history had already been told me. I had learned that through lack of Kosekin virtue he had gradually sunk to this position, and now was compelled to hold in his hands more wealth, power, and display than any other man in the nation.

He was a man of singular appearance. The light was not so troublesome to him as to the others—he merely kept his eyes shaded; but he regarded me with a keen look of inquiry that was suggestive of shrewdness and cunning. I confess it was with a feeling of relief that I made this discovery; for I longed to find some one among this singular people who was selfish, who feared death, who loved life, who loved riches, and had something in common with me. This I thought I perceived in the shrewd, cunning face of the Kohen Gadol, and I was glad; for I saw that while he could not possibly be more dangerous to me than those self-sacrificing, self-denying cannibals whom I had thus far known, he might prove of some assistance, and might help me to devise means of escape. If I could only find some one who was a coward, and selfish and avaricious—if this Kohen Gadol could but be he—how much brighter my life would be! And so there happened to me an incredible thing, that my highest wish now was to find in the Kohen Gadol cowardice, avarice, and selfishness.

The Kohen was accompanied by a young female, richly attired, who, I afterward learned, was his daughter. Her name was Layelah, and she filled the office of *Malca*, which signifies queen; and though honorable with us above all, is among the Kosekin the lowest in the land. Layelah was so beautiful that I looked at her in amazement. She was very tall for one of the Kosekin, which made her stature equal to that of an ordinary girl with us; her hair was rich, dark, and luxuriant, gathered about her head in great masses and bound by a golden band. Her features were delicate and perfect in their outline; her expression was noble and commanding. Her eyes were utterly unlike those of the other Kosekin; the upper lids had a slight droop, but that was all, and that was the nearest approach to the national blink. Her first entrance into the room seemed to dazzle her, and she shaded her eyes for a few moments, but after that she looked at me fixedly, and seemed to suffer no more inconvenience than I did. The perfect liberty of women among the Kosekin made this visit from her quite as natural as that of her father; and though she said but little on this occasion, she was an attentive listener and close observer.

Their visit was long, for they were evidently full of curiosity. They had heard much about me and wished to hear more. It was the first time that I had found among the Kosekin the slightest desire to know where I had come from. Hitherto all had been content with the knowledge that I was a foreigner. Now, however, I found in the Kohen Gadol and Layelah a curiosity that was most eager and intense. They questioned me about my country, about the great world beyond the mountains, about the way in which I had come here, about the manners and customs of my countrymen. They were eager to know about those great nations of which I spoke, who loved light and life; about men who loved themselves better than others; of that world where men feared death and loved life, and sought after riches and lived in the light.

The sleeping-time came and passed, and my visitors were still full of eager questionings. It was Layelah who at last thought of the lateness of the hour. At a word from her the Kohen Gadol rose, with many apologies, and prepared to go. But before he left he said:

"When I was a child I was shipwrecked, and was taken up by a ship which conveyed me to a nation beyond the sea. There I grew up to manhood. I learned their language and manners and customs, and when I returned home I found myself an alien here. I do not love darkness or death, I do not hate riches, and the result is that I am what I am. If I were like the rest of my countrymen my lot would make me miserable; but as it is I prefer it to any other, and consider myself not the lowest but the greatest in the land. My daughter is like me, and instead of being ashamed of her station she is proud of it, and would not give it up even to become a pauper. I will see you again. I have much to say."

With these words the Kohen Gadol retired, followed by Layelah, leaving me more hopeful than I had been for a long time.

For many *joms* following I received visits from the Kohen Gadol and from Layelah. Almah was with me until sleeping-time, and then these other visitors would come. In this, at least, they resembled the other Kosekin, that they never dreamed of interfering with Almah when she might wish to be with me. Their visits were always long, and we had much to say; but what I lost of sleep I always made up on the following *jom*. The Kohen Gadol, with his keen, shrewd face, interested me greatly; but Layelah, with her proud face and air of command, was a positive wonder.

I soon learned that the Kohen Gadol was what we term "a man of advanced views," or perhaps a "Reformer," or a "Philosophic Radical," it matters not which; suffice it to say that his ideas and feelings differed from those of his nation, and if carried out would be equal to a revolution in politics and morals.

The Kohen Gadol advocated selfishness as the true law of life, without which no state can prosper. There were a few of similar views, but they were all regarded with great contempt by the multitude, and had to suffer the utmost rigor of the law; for they were all endowed with vast wealth, compelled to live in the utmost splendor and luxury, to have enormous retinues, and to wield the chief power in politics and in religion. Even this, however, had not changed the sentiments of the condemned, and I learned that they were laboring incessantly, notwithstanding their severe punishment, to disseminate their peculiar doctrines. These were formulated as follows:

1. A man should not love others better than himself.
2. Life is not an evil to be got rid of.
3. Other things are to be preferred to death.
4. Poverty is not the best state for man.
5. Unrequited love is not the greatest happiness.
6. Lovers may sometimes marry.
7. To serve is not more honorable than to command.
8. Defeat is not more glorious than victory.
9. To save a life should not be regarded as a criminal offence.
10. The paupers should be forced to take a certain amount of wealth, to relieve the necessities of the rich.

These articles were considered both by the Kohen Gadol and by Layelah to be remarkable for their audacity, and were altogether too advanced for reception by any except the chosen few. With the multitude he had to deal differently, and had to work his way by concealing his opinions. He had made a great conspiracy, in which he was still engaged, and had gained immense numbers of adherents by allowing them to give him their whole wealth. Through his assistance many Alhons and Kohens and Meleks had become artisans, laborers, and even paupers; but all were bound by him to the strictest secrecy. If any one should divulge the secret, it would be ruin to him and to many others; for they would at once be punished by the bestowal of the extremest wealth, by degradation to the rank of rulers and commanders, and by the severest rigors of luxury, power, splendor, and magnificence known among the Kosekin. Overwhelmed thus with the cares of government, crushed under the weight of authority and autocratic rule, surrounded by countless slaves all ready to die for them, their lives would be imbittered and their punishment would be more than they could bear. But the philosophic Kohen Gadol dared all these punishments, and pursued his way calmly and pertinaciously.

Nothing surprised the Kohen Gadol so much as the manner in which I received his confidences. He half expected to startle me by his boldness, but was himself confounded by my words. I told him that in my country self was the chief consideration, self-preservation the first law of nature; death the King of Terrors; wealth the object of universal search, poverty the worst of evils; unrequited love nothing less than anguish and despair; to command others the highest glory; victory, honor; defeat, intolerable shame; and other things of the same sort, all of which sounded in his ears, as he said, with such tremendous force that they were like peals of thunder. He shook his head despondently; he could not believe that such views as mine could ever be attained to among the Kosekin. But Layelah was bolder, and with all a woman's impetuosity grasped at my fullest meaning and held it firm.

"He is right," said Layelah—"the heaven-born Atam-or. He shall be our teacher. The rich shall be esteemed, the poor shall be down-trodden; to rule over others shall be glorious, to serve shall be base; victory shall be an honor, defeat a shame; selfishness, self-seeking, luxury, and indulgence shall be virtues; poverty, want, and squalor shall be things of abhorrence and contempt."

The face of Layelah glowed with enthusiasm as she said these words, and I saw in her a daring, intrepid, and high-hearted woman, full of a woman's headlong impetuosity and disregard of consequences. In me she saw one who seemed to her like a prophet and teacher of a new order of things, and her whole soul responded to the principles which I announced. It required immense strength of mind and firmness of soul to separate herself from the prevalent sentiment of her nation; and though nature had done much for her in giving her a larger portion of original selfishness than was common to her people, still she was a child of the Kosekin, and her daring was all the more remarkable. And so she went further than her father, and adopted my extreme views when he shrank back, and dared more unflinch-

ingly the extremest rigors of the national law, and all that the Kosekin could inflict in the way of wealth, luxury, supreme command, palatial abodes, vast retinues of slaves, and the immense degradation of the queenly office.

I spoke to her in a warning voice about her rashness.

"Oh," said she, "I have counted the cost, and am ready to accept all that they can inflict. I embrace the good cause, and will not give it up—no, not even if they could increase my wealth a thousand-fold, and sentence me to live a hundred seasons. I can bear their utmost inflictions of wealth, power, magnificence; I could even bear being condemned to live forever in the light. Oh, my friend, it is the conviction of right and the support of conscience that strengthen one to bear the greatest evils that man can inflict."

From these words it was evident to me that Layelah was a true child of the Kosekin; for though she was of advanced sentiments she still used the language of her people, and spoke of the punishments of the law as though they were punishments in reality. Now to me and to Almah these so-called punishments seemed rewards.

It was impossible for me to avoid feeling a very strong regard for this enthusiastic and beautiful girl; all the more, indeed, because she evinced such an undisguised admiration for me. She evidently considered me some superior being, from some superior race; and although my broken and faulty way of speaking the language was something of a trial, still she seemed to consider every word I uttered as a maxim of the highest wisdom. The tritest of truths, the commonest of platitudes, the most familiar of proverbs or old saws current among us were eagerly seized by Layelah, and accepted as truths almost divine—as new doctrines for the guidance of the human race. These she would discuss with me; she would put them into better and more striking language, and ask for my opinion. Then she would write them down.

For the Kosekin knew the art of writing. They had an alphabet of their own, which was at once simple and very scientific. There were no vowels, but only consonant sounds, the vowels being supplied in reading, just as if one should write the words *fthr* or *dtr*, and read them father and daughter. Their letters were as follows: P, K, T, B, G, D, F, Ch, Th, M, L, N, S, H, R. There were also three others, which have no equivalents in English.

It soon became evident to me that Layelah had a complete ascendency over her father; that she was not only the Malca of the *amir*, but the presiding spirit and the chief administrative genius of the whole nation of the Kosekin. She seemed to be a new Semiramis—one who might revolutionize an empire and introduce a new order of things. Such, indeed, was her high ambition, and she plainly avowed it to me; but what was more, she frankly informed me that she regarded me as a Heaven-sent teacher—as one who in this darkness could tell her of the nations of light—who could instruct her in the wisdom of other and greater races, and help her to accomplish her grand designs.

As for Almah, she seemed quite beneath the notice of the aspiring Layelah. She never noticed her, she never spoke of her, and she always made her visits to me after Almah had gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENGLISH LOTTERY SWINDLE.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In all the United States, save one, lotteries are regarded as illegal. That one State, Louisiana, professes to permit lotteries only for educational or charitable purposes, which does not prevent the State-supported lotteries of Louisiana from being conducted on a system whose only claim to fairness lies in the barefacedness of its unfairness. It openly proclaims itself a swindle, so confident is its trust in the folly of the majority, who will always pay ten dollars for a five dollars' chance of winning a great prize. Unluckily the Louisiana Lottery leavens with its unwholesomeness the whole lump. In every State the advertising of the Louisiana lottery swindle is pursued more or less openly. The evil even reaches the old country, as I happen to know from personal experience; for having proclaimed openly the iniquities of nearly all lottery schemes and the folly of gambling generally, I am naturally regarded by the lottery scamps as secretly hankering to try my chance. So that from America and from the Continent, even from Australia, invitations reach me to invest in lotteries openly proclaimed in their own advertisements dishonest and delusive. In passing, I may remark that if I believed in luck I should certainly be tempted to venture in some of these lotteries; for twice, though not from desire for gambling gains, I have tried my luck (as the foolish ones put it) in lotteries, and each time I have won a goodly prize. One trial occurred in Melbourne, Victoria, where I had been taken round the Chinese quarter, visiting opium dens, Chinese lottery dives, and so forth. The method of marking the Chinese lottery papers was explained to me by a practical example; I paid, that is to say, for the right, and made marks at random with the vermilion brush as instructed. The rest of the company did the same. I certainly supposed I was paying a shilling away—without any likelihood of seeing it again—for the opportunity of learning how the Chinese lottery men managed their little game. But next morning the sum of £29 was handed over to the leader of our party, my share being £4 2*s.* 10*d.* The other case occurred at a bazar in Boston, held in October, 1873, by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd for a most excellent purpose. I bought tickets in a raffle for a gold watch, regarding their price as my contribution to the charity; but next morning a gentleman called in at the Parker House with the watch, which it seems I had won. I kept the watch, but preferred to pay the cost price, not caring to have my charity mixed up with anything so degrading, in my estimation, as gambling.

In England, lotteries at bazars are still permitted, or rather are still winked at; for, strictly speaking, the law forbids them. Various magazines and journals also have lotteries more or less disguised, prizes being offered to purchasers of the serial who may make lucky guesses of various sorts. The law can hardly touch these cases, since the right to a guess is not ostensibly paid for, but thrown in, along with the serial itself, in return for the shilling, sixpence, twopence, or whatever the sum may be which the serial costs. But recently the law relating to lotteries has been broken in a singularly daring manner in the old country. A form of lottery which has long been in vogue on the continent of Europe (sometimes known as the Geneva System) has been reproduced in principle, or want of principle, though the details have been craftily altered in such sort that the system has an innocent parlor-pastime aspect.

In the Geneva Lottery System (considered fully in my little book on *Chance and Luck*) there are ninety numbers, and at a "drawing" five are taken out in succession at random. The public, before the drawing, have been entitled to buy a chance for any price, within certain limits, which they may like to pay. Thus a purchaser may take any one of the following chances: (1) he names a single number of the ninety, receiving *fifteen* times his stake if his number is one among the five drawn; or (2) he names a single number and the position it is to occupy among the five drawn, receiving *seventy* times his stake if his guess is right; or (3) he names two numbers of the ninety, receiving *two hundred and seventy* times his stake if both appear among the five drawn; or (4) he names two numbers and their position, receiving *five thousand one hundred* times his stake if his guess is correct; or (5) he names three numbers of the ninety, receiving *five thousand five hundred* times his stake if all three appear among the five drawn; or (6) he names four numbers of the ninety, receiving *seventy-five thousand* times his stake if all four appear among the five drawn.

These ventures are called respectively, *simple* number, *determinate* number, *simple ambe*, *determinate ambe*, *simple terne*, and *simple quaterne*.

How much of rascality there is in the system will be seen from the little table, showing the prize actually given and the prize which should have been given, in each case, if the chances were properly dealt with as in a fair wager between man and man.*

As the lottery-loving public always prefer to try for large prizes, not noticing how small the chances are of getting them, the more risky ventures in the above list were those chiefly taken; and it will be observed that these are the ventures for which the prizes are most inadequate. Thus, for simple terne, the total amount paid in prizes would in the long-run be less than half ($\frac{5500}{11748}$) of the amount paid in; while for simple quaterne the total amount paid out would be less than $\frac{3}{20}$ of the amount paid in.

Of course the promoters of Continental lotteries on this system carefully published every case in which a great prize was won, knowing well that the general public would never guess the real significance of these cases. Every venture won on simple terne meant more than eleven thousand lost. Every venture won on simple quaterne meant more than five hundred thousand lost.

The recently invented English plan depends on letters instead of numbers; but in principle is precisely the same as the Geneva system, and is worked on the same crafty and fraudulent lines. The promoters call themselves the "National Prize Competition Society"—the guessers are called "competitors," be it observed—and the scheme is advertised as "a novel system of money-making," the public fondly imagining that they are to make the money. The plan is this: For sixpence English, *i.e.*, twelve cents, any one can buy a ticket marked thus ⊞, or sets of several tickets at a slight reduction, the average of the various prices being as nearly as possible ten cents. On receiving a ticket the victim marks in a letter of the alphabet in each of the four divisions of his ticket, putting in any letter he likes. (The conditions say that *any* letter can be marked in each square, so that the same letter, if the "competitor" pleases, might be marked in more than once; and as the "society" is similarly free to mark in any letter on each square, this possibility must be taken into account in considering the value of each probability.) The "competitor" posts his ticket, lettered according to his guessing, on Friday, and on the same day the "society" sends out to him by post a corresponding ticket, lettered as they please, so that his guess and their selection cross on their way.

If none of the competitor's letters correspond with the society's letters, he simply loses his sixpence. If one letter of his only is the same as the letter marked in the same square on the society's ticket, the competitor receives a shilling, or twice his stake. If two letters of his correspond with two, square for square, in the returned ticket, the competitor receives 10 shillings ($2 45). If three letters similarly correspond, the competitor receives £3 or £5, according to the position of the squares thus correspondingly filled—a distinction for which there is no real reason so far as the probabilities are concerned: we may conveniently put £4 as the average price paid for this triple success. Lastly, if all four squares are rightly lettered the "competitor" receives £100.

Not one in a thousand probably of those who buy tickets in this lottery has any clear idea of the value of his chances for the respective prizes. The promoters of such schemes know this, though the Louisiana Lottery schemers daringly decline to clothe their iniquity, so confidently do they trust in the general idiocy of their victims. As a matter of fact, the calculation of the chances offered by the "National Prize Competition Society" is sufficiently simple. But those among the readers of these lines for whom it would be easy could make it for themselves, and those for whom it would not, could not easily follow any explanation; so I simply give the results.

Assuming the power of putting any letter whatsoever out of our English twenty-six on each square, there are 456,976 possible ways of filling in the ticket. Comparing these with any definite ticket filled in by the society, 390,625 will be wrong as to all letters; 62,500 will be right as to one letter; 3750 will be right as to two letters; 100 will be right as to three letters; and *one* only will be right as to all four letters.

To determine the extent of the swindle, suppose these results, which represent the average proportions in any long series of trials, all duly paid for at the rates above mentioned, then there will be paid out:

	62,500*s.*	for single correct letters.
	37,500*s.*	for two " "
	8,000*s.*	for three " "
	2,000*s.*	for four " "
Total	100,000*s.*	paid on prizes.

The sum paid in, at 5*d.* for each of the 456,976 tickets, would be 190,407 shillings; and it is in this degree that the public, in purchasing large numbers of tickets on this plan, are wronged. That is, they pay 190,407 shillings, and get back on the average only 100,000 shillings on each set of 456,976 trials. But the promoters of the scheme have to pay one halfpenny (or cent) for each ticket issued, and charge a penny for postage—according, at least, to their circular; so that they actually make 228,488 pence, or 19,041 shillings, more by this seemingly slight overcharge for postage. At a moderate computation of the expense for printing tickets, advertising, etc., the "National Prize Competition Society" make the usual proportion of profit on the lottery they conduct, viz., between eighty and one hundred per cent.! It is at this rate that the Louisiana Lottery Company get the better of their foolish victims. The Geneva, Hamburg, Brandenburg, and other lotteries get similar gains.

The "National Prize Competition Society" advertise their lottery scheme as "a novel system of money-making"—and truly, in one sense: the deluded public suppose the money-making is for them, but the society attends to that part of the business; and though the system is in reality old enough, yet it has been so clothed in a new garb that it takes in the weaker sort just as thoroughly as though it were altogether new.

How it has come to pass that the law has not yet stopped the "novel system of money-making," and punished the law-breakers, I know no more than I know how it comes to pass that respectable serials have permitted the "National Prize Competition Society" to advertise in their columns.

* Table showing Prize actually given and Prize earned.

Venture.	Actual Prize.	Proper Prize.
Simple number....................	15 times the stake.	18 times the stake.
Determinate number............	70 " " "	90 " " "
Simple ambe......................	270 " " "	400½ " " "
Determinate ambe................	5,100 " " "	8,010 " " "
Simple terne......................	5,500 " " "	11,748 " " "
Simple quaterne..................	75,000 " " "	511,038 " " "

TO AN OAK-TREE IN SPRING.

Thou art a true conservative, stout oak,
And wearest loyally thy withered leaves,
For neither mild October's voice, that grieves
In sighing woods, nor wild November's stroke

Of fierce assault could win them from thy hold.
And all the winter through, when pierced by hail
And buffeted by blasts of icy gale,
Thou still hast minded me of Lear, old,

Drawing his tatters round his royal limbs.
Sad remnants of thy summer bravery!
Do they keep pleasant memories for thee
Of sunny warmth, and scented breeze, and hymns

Of chanting birds that nested in thy bower?
Or are they hopes, and dost thou fondly wait
Till they shall clothe thee with thy former state?
Alas for constancy! Time and the hour

Will loosen e'en thy grasp, and lay them down
Where lies so many a flag once bravely borne
In perilous fight to lead a hope forlorn;
So many a token, trophy, badge, and crown,

Now lost and buried in forgetfulness.
No tree besides in all the wood is seen
That has not donned, to meet the coming queen,
Her livery. All things with joy confess

Her right to reign, and yield her lawful dower.
See, in her veil, woven of mist and sun,
How swiftly through the silver meshes run
New patterns of embroidered leaf and flower!

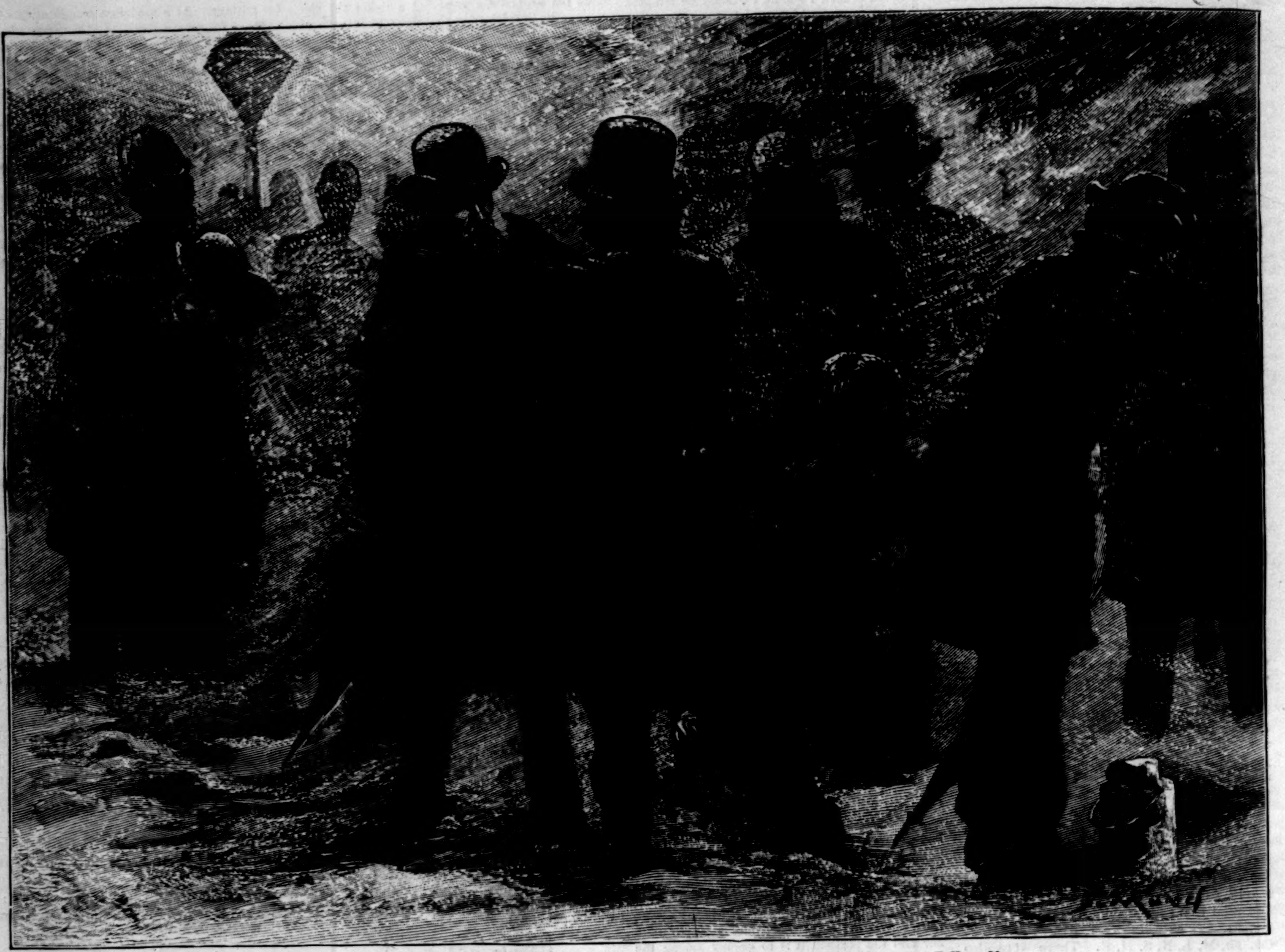
Voices of gladness fill the softened air;
Her messengers are here, and even now
A prophet bird is singing on thy bough,
Singing of rapture thou shalt with him share.

LITTLE BISMARCK TO FATHER KNICKERBOCKER.

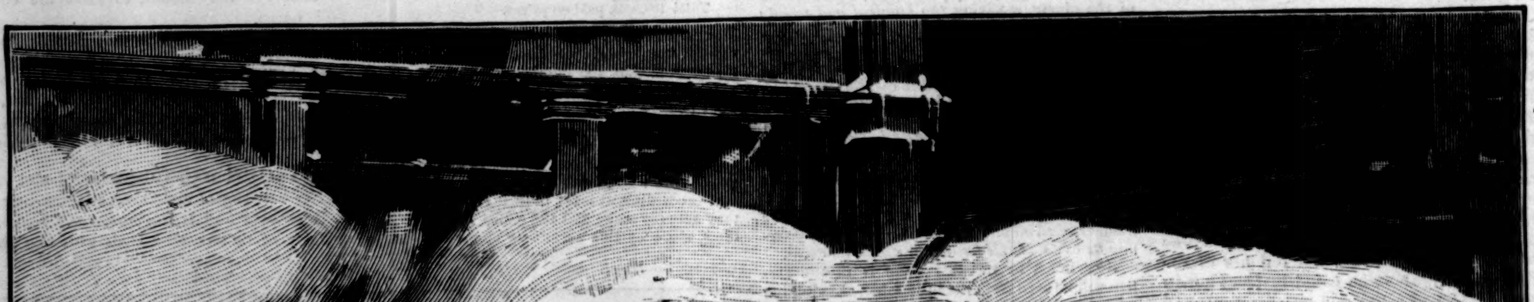
"To Mayor Hewitt, New York:—

"Bismarck stands ready to give substantial aid to blizzard sufferers of New York. Let us know your needs.

"M. R. Jewell, Chamber of Commerce."

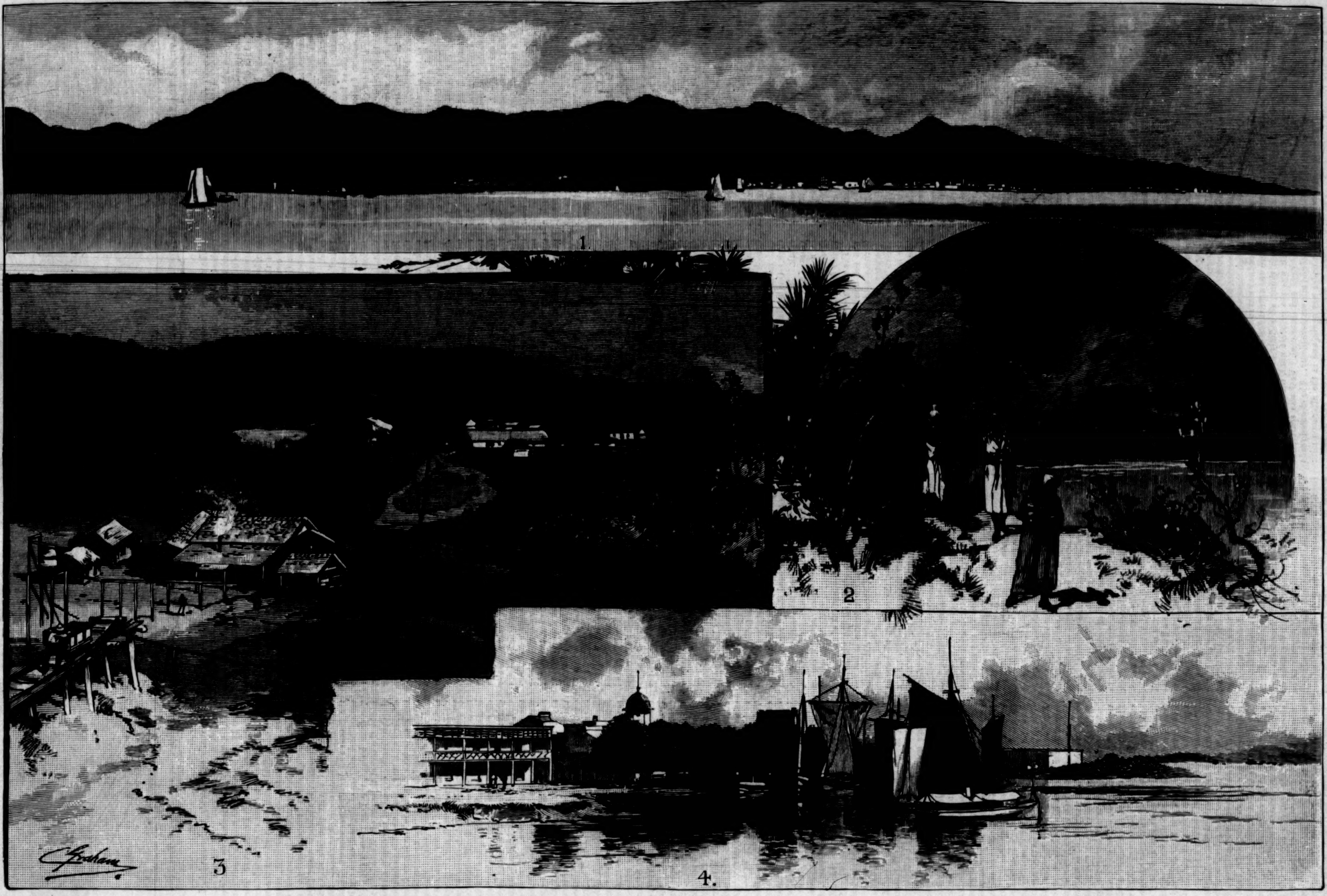


POLICEMEN RUBBING SNOW ON FROZEN EARS DURING THE STORM OF MONDAY.—Drawn by F. V. du Mond.



BURNING HOLES IN THE SNOW AFTER THE STORM.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

STREET INCIDENTS OF LAST WEEK IN NEW YORK.



SKETCHES FROM THE VENEZUELAN TERRITORY CLAIMED BY GREAT BRITAIN—THE GOLD MINES ON THE YURUARI.—[See Page 211.]

1. Port-of-Spain, Island of Trinidad, West Indies, from the Gulf of Paria. 2. Native Women on the Banks of the Orinoco River, Venezuelan Guiana. 3. A Gold-Mining Plant on the Yuruari River, Venezuelan Guiana. 4. Ciudad Bolivar, formerly Angostura, on the Orinoco, Capital of Venezuelan Guiana.

THREE TRAINS AND FOUR LOCOMOTIVES SNOWED IN AT WEST END OF TUNNEL ON THE NEW YORK AND SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY L. FOSDICK.

A BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.

THE storm which fell upon New York on Monday of last week was indubitably a blizzard. It was the 12th of March, and the day will be long remembered. Never, so far as people recall or the records show, was the city so tempestuously buffeted before.

On Sunday evening there was a heavy rain, which soon after midnight turned into sleet and then into snow. The snow was fine and dry and copious, and was driven by a gale from the west and north. The city had known higher winds and snowfalls as heavy, but never a combination which was so furious. At four o'clock in the morning the snow came so fast that five minutes sufficed to obliterate the footprints of a man or a horse in the streets. Car after car became stalled on the surface roads. At sunrise the city was snowed under. Nine o'clock saw the submission of the elevated roads to the irresistible storm. The switches were clogged by the fine snow, which was blown into the minutest crevices, and the tracks were overspread with ice. In the early morning there had been a collision on the Third Avenue road, and an engineer had been killed. Those who could open their front door in the morning, without admitting a snow-drift of a very respectable size, poked their heads out for a moment, and in a majority of cases decided to stay home for that day, and let their business run itself.

The city wore a strange aspect. In such a great thoroughfare as the Bowery there was almost no life and movement saving such as the storm furnished. There was no roar and rattle of trains overhead, no clatter of hoofs and jingle of bells in the street below. The air was strangely darkened, something as it is at the time of an eclipse. Occasionally a vehicle or a man on horseback lumbered through the drifts, but locomotion was chiefly performed on foot. It was difficult to see, difficult to breathe, and difficult to keep the frost out of the ears. There was no going in and out of the shops, which had been tightly sealed up by the snow. The drifts were littered with broken shafts and wheels, with barber poles, cigar-store Indians, and other fallen signs. Canvas awnings and signs that still swung snapped and creaked in concert with the whistle and swish of the sixty-mile wind and its icy freight. A stranded horse-car lifted its bulk here and there among the other wreckage, and the Bowery contained further in the way of abandoned vehicles two of Uncle Sam's red mail wagons and a huge truck piled up with eighty frozen carcasses of hogs.

The entire city was stricken by an amazing paralysis. At ten in the morning not a dozen of the stores in Fulton Street were open for business. In the offices of the Equitable Insurance Company, of the 205 clerks employed, only 93 reported for duty. No public school was open in the afternoon. Washington Market was deserted. At the Post-office nothing was doing. The postmaster said that the mail for the day was like that of a city of ten thousand people. Of forty-four out-of-town mails due between 8 A.M. and noon only four arrived. The trains bearing the other forty were stalled in drifts somewhere, but nobody knew where, because the telegraph wires all about had been beaten down by the storm. New York was cut off from communication by either rail or wire with Newark, Philadelphia, Washington, New Haven, Boston, and generally with places east and south. In the limits of the city the storm had beaten down the wires also. The telephones were silent, and half of the fire-alarm wires were inoperative. Cab fares leaped into startling figures. Twenty dollars was paid for a conveyance from the Astor House to Madison Square, and forty dollars for a cab from Wall Street to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The hotels ran over. The corridors of the Astor House were changed into sleeping-rooms, and four hundred applicants for lodgings had been turned away at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Custom-house, the Clearing-house, the Sub-Treasury, the Stock-Exchange, and all the other exchanges were without business on the day of the blizzard, and were closed by noon. In the Produce Exchange only ninety-five members appeared upon the floor: the average daily attendance is seventeen hundred.

The great bridge stood the storm well. Observations made in the course of the storm showed that there was not the slightest vibration in the massive piers. But the blizzard was not without effect upon the bridge travel. Trains were run by means of locomotives, the cable and the machinery of the grip yielding to the tempestuous influences. The promenade was closed at six o'clock in the morning. One man, who got special permission to walk across after this hour, fell benumbed and exhausted on the way, but was promptly rescued by the police, who had been instructed to look out for him.

The snow was greater than locomotives. Three engines undertook to push their way out of the Grand Central station through the drifts. They were driven at full pressure, and one of them was thrown off the rails in the attempt to force a passage, but the snow blocked them utterly.

In the City Hall there was no Mayor, and in the courts there were no juries. In the afternoon Grand Street shut up its stores, and the letter-carriers were permitted to go home.

On the rivers and the bay the storm was powerful. It snapped off the flag-staffs of the Staten Island ferry-boats the instant they put out their noses in the morning. No trips were made after dark. Pilots said they had never known such a furious wind. They called it ten times worse than fog, which has hitherto been the pilots' most dreaded enemy. In crossing the North River one could not see two hundred feet from the boat, and it required strong nerves indeed to make the passage in anything like an equable frame of mind.

The helplessness of the elevated roads was demonstrated in the experience of one train loaded with passengers, which consumed six hours and twenty-five minutes in covering a distance of two blocks. This train failed to make the run from Eighteenth Street to Fourteenth on the Sixth Avenue line. Many of the passengers effected their escape, after hours of waiting, by means of a ladder reared against the elevated structure by private enterprise. It cost fifty cents a head to go down the ladder into the comparative freedom of the blizzard and the drifts.

With the coming of night the storm had not abated. The peril to life was very great. Scores of persons were near perishing of fatigue and cold in the streets of this populous city. Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING, an athletic man with trained muscles and a powerful frame, was within an ace of perishing in a drift in Union Square. Shortly after six o'clock in the evening he started from Wall Street to walk up Broadway to the New York Club at Twenty-fifth Street. The electric lights had failed, and the great thoroughfare was in darkness. After a walk of two miles in the face of the storm, Mr. CONKLING reached Union Square. It was unlighted, and in trying to cross it he sank into the snow to his armpits. For twenty minutes he put forth his utmost strength in order to work himself free, and he was at the point of exhaustion when he finally succeeded. It took him three hours to walk the two and one-half miles from Wall Street to the New York Club. One similar case was attended with a fatal result. Mr. BARREMORE, a merchant, forty-seven years of age, was found on Tuesday morning dead in a drift at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-third Street. He had died of cold and exhaustion within four blocks of his home.

The storm shut up nearly all the theatres. It was the opening night of LUDWIG BARNAY, the German actor, and of BARNUM's show. At the Academy of Music, where BARNAY was to play, twelve persons were assembled in the body of the house, and the performance was postponed. The performance at BARNUM's was put through for the benefit of less than one hundred people.

Fortunately for the firemen and for the city, there was only one fire of consequence on the day of the blizzard. That occurred in Laight Street, at seven o'clock in the evening. A number of engines were stalled in the effort to reach the scene, but others were more fortunate, and the fire was fought successfully.

The Sandy Hook pilot-boats fared most unfortunately under the blizzard. Nine of these sturdy vessels—one-third of all that were in commission—were driven ashore or sunk or abandoned between noon and midnight. But the crews of all were saved.

In Brooklyn the blizzard blew off the roofs of five houses, which were occupied by nine families. There were serious hurts in consequence, but no loss of life.

Tuesday was the day of the shovel. Great heaps of snow, from six to fifteen feet in height, rose in the gutters. Six-footers on one side-walk could not see six-footers on the sidewalk opposite. It looked like miles and miles of white fortification put up with no better purpose than to protect the basement windows of houses that nobody meant to attack. All day long the sky was gray, and discharged a lazy "sugar" snow, which added nothing to the city's burden. There was an eruption of runners. Ice, groceries, coal, meat—everything except milk, of which there was none—were delivered in sleighs. Broadway was full of fine sleighs. In the Bowery there was a great deal of tandem driving and horse-back riding, all strictly in the way of business. Milk was the greatest want, though there were few eggs and little coal. Veal was scarce, but beef and mutton were plenty. The elevated roads got under way again, and in the afternoon milk came in from Newark, Paterson, and Jamaica. One hundred and twenty funerals had been postponed. There were two fires on this day of the shovel. One, at 2 A.M., was in West Forty-second Street, near the ferry. Chief McCABE went to it on horseback. One hundred families were turned into the street. The fire was put out after an hour's battle. At an afternoon fire in Allen Street hundreds of citizens lent a hand in pulling engines and hose through the drifts. Thousands of Italian shovellers were clearing the surface-car tracks with comparative rapidity.

In the morning an ice-bridge formed over the East River, and several thousand persons crossed on foot between New York and Brooklyn. The floe broke with the turn of the tide, and a tug-boat was essential to the rescue of five men who were drifting out to sea on small cakes.

Wednesday was bonfire day, and it was the day, as well, that saw the city's deliverance. All over the town fire was brought into play to assist the sun in the disposal of the snow. The idea originated, it is said, with a Vesey Street store-keeper, who dug a hole in a snow heap and started a bonfire in it. Soon there was fire leaping up from snow heaps everywhere, and the gutters and sewers were working valiantly to carry the melted part of the city's burden off to sea. Wall Street resumed its functions, milk came to town, Boston was heard from by way of London, trains ran on the Central and the Erie, and the world generally resumed relations with us. The storm had been widespread, extending through western New England, New York State, Pennsylvania, and a long way south. Off Lewes, in Delaware, twenty-six vessels were wrecked, and a dozen lives were lost; there were wrecks and loss of life on the Sound, and on Staten Island two men were frozen to death.

On Thursday, in the city, the bonfires were continued, and the sun was a splendid and efficacious ally. The horse-cars broke into Park Row, and the gutters sang merrily. On Friday the cross-town cars were running, and some of the snow heaps were not more than five and a half feet high.

THE EDUCATION OF LAW-BREAKERS.

PEOPLE in the United States are beginning to grow almost as weary of the eternal Irish question as people in England. At this distance the immediate matters involved seem trifling, and the plan of campaign is full of details that are at once petty and ludicrous. No wonder that persons not directly interested should regard it with impatience. No wonder that Americans especially, who receive the last waves of agitation, and suffer for it in a particularly small, irritating manner, should grow restive under matters that belong to the internal government of another nation, and be ready to blame all the parties involved for keeping them more or less in hot water for things in which, apparently, Americans have no concern!

But, unluckily for us, the concern we have in these matters is only apparently slight. As a matter of fact they vitally affect us. The reign of discontent in Ireland touches every American household in one way or another. The problem of domestic service is made more difficult of solution, while the great body of servants, either born in Ireland or faithful to their Irish descent, is kept in a state of irritation by the agrarian difficulties, whose most striking results are the evictions now steadily going forward in the little green island over against our shores. Wages that ought to go into savings-banks, and accumulate there in order to fit our servants for lives of greater independence and usefulness, permitting them to marry and educate their children properly, now flow into the treasuries of agitators, or find their way into the lean purses of landlords. This is the smaller aspect of the difficulty. But there is a much larger trouble. It may be said that since 1850 the politics of our seaboard cities have suffered cruelly from the troubles in Ireland. The latter have prevented our Irish fellow-citizens from normally becoming American in the best sense. Educated at home to distrust the justice and good purpose of laws and government, the Irish arrive in the United States with a chronic hatred of policemen and those ordinary rules which maintain society upright. They learn in time to understand the value of such rules here; but meanwhile they are in the hands of astute American and Irish politicians, and they continue to detest and work against the system of local government in Ireland which is maintained through the interests and indifference of the people in the great sister island. Hence it makes no difference whether Americans born find the situation deplorable and vexatious on their account. The only remedy appears to be a hope that GLADSTONE and his party will pull British public opinion in their direction, and set a term to the unhappy events at which they once tried their own hands, and which they then learned, by costly experiments, to be unadvised and indeed worse than useless.

Why is the fight over Ireland so stoutly maintained by people who have much more important affairs to consider through Parliament? Because Ireland forms an outer line of defence in a deeply-lying and radical combat that affects the whole empire. Tory statesmen are perfectly sound in arguing that it is better for their interests to keep such burning questions as land tenure and rents confined, if possible, to an island whose past history is such that a very plausible view can be maintained regarding the Irish as a race. Should the Scotch and Welsh lower classes, should the agricultural laborers of England, catch the infection from Ireland, the Tory reign is over. That is why the recent tithe riots in Wales have made the Conservative organs of the empire almost incoherent with fury; their wrath is grotesque. It has always been popular in the bigger island to assume in the Irish as a race an inherent folly and wrongheadedness. Ridicule and appeals to the turbulence of Ireland in the past are easy weapons to seize, since they flatter the people of England by an implied contrast, and are readily made to serve as an apology for the situation as it exists at present. The champions of Ireland, on the other hand, are accused of raking up the grievances of the past, which have long been settled, and which cannot fairly be charged against the existing generation of men. By such arguments dust is thrown in the eyes of fair-minded and bright-thinking Englishmen, and they are asked to believe that the evictions and almost universal discontent in Ireland are matters like death and plumbers' bills, which are deplorable in the extreme, but cannot be avoided by human ingenuity. Americans may chafe under the infliction upon themselves, their domestic service and their party politics, of a question that ought to concern them only as an abstract question of right and wrong; but this very fact is likely to make them more acute than their British cousins in the diagnosis of the trouble, whilst their distance from the field of battle gives them the advantage of reviewing the situation with coolness.

Following the advice of him who is generally considered the greatest, or one of the greatest living British statesmen, HARPER'S WEEKLY proceeds to "cultivate the extension of knowledge upon the Irish question"—Mr. GLADSTONE's prayer to his fellow-countrymen in June of last year. The artist has sketched on a large scale the events that follow immediately a successful *razzia* of the Royal Irish Constabulary upon some hamlet where rents have not been paid. Walls have been battered down, heroic charges have been made on men with bludgeons and women with skillets, crowns have been cracked, and cheeks scalded with hot water; and now the police depart with their prisoners in a hollow column. In the west of Ireland just now there survive but two amusements, two popular sensations—otter-hunting and evictions. If Lord SALISBURY knew what he was talking about in the House of Lords, July 1, 1887, when he said, "It is the interest of the Irish landlord to get rid of his tenant," and if things go on indefinitely as they now do, the Irish tenant will become, like the Irish otter, a rare and much-sought creature, which requires many men and dogs to find and many hard days' work to catch. There is this difference between the tenant and the otter, however: whereas the otter destroys all the fish in a river or pool, the Irishman is debarred the privilege of taking fish save on the payment of a high license. And, as destructive as the otter is, there is sport in hunting it; therefore a landlord does not wish all otters to be improved out of the bays and rivers. But there is little sport in evicting tenants; consequently the prudent landlord comes over from England in quiet times for an otter hunt, but when an eviction is in progress he is scarcer than the wariest of those foes of trout and salmon.

The artist has caught admirably the various types of jaunty prisoner, sullen captive, and defiant opposer of the law, and shows the wave of country folk breaking with menaces and curses against the stalwart column in neat uniforms and helmets. Picked for their size and good condition, the constabulary are physically superior to the average of a mob, and their drill and good prospects for life make them an excellent body for the enforcement of the law's decree. They would not get away without much damage, however, if it were not for the priests and for the agents of the Land League, who, after counselling resistance up to a certain point, throw their whole powers into the task of keeping the people from a direct attack on the constables. Their purpose is plain, and seems to have its effect, though very slowly. They are trying to educate the people who oppose the management of Ireland by Irishmen into a knowledge of their rights; perhaps to shame them into a change from the present system of delegated rule from Dublin Castle to some measure of home rule which rests on the

good-will of the voters. The orator haranguing in the distance counsels submission and patience. Very likely he is a Protestant and an Englishman, and as such is a living witness to the fact that these poor people have allies and well-wishers in the prosperous island, who, having once abandoned their old attitude of suspiciousness and contempt, will not recede from their purpose to break down the antiquated prejudices and remnants of privilege which still affect the health of the empire.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY.

In the year 1832, while Indiana was still in great part an unimproved area of forest and prairie land, the pioneer Methodist preachers of that State began seriously to agitate the question of education among the people of their denomination. In their Annual Conference of that year inquiry was made as to the expediency of establishing a school for instruction in the higher branches of knowledge, which should serve as the germ or nucleus of a Methodist university. The result of this inquiry is best stated in the words of the ministers themselves: "Deeming next to the religion of the Son of God the lights of science best calculated to lessen the sum of human woe and to increase the sum of human happiness, ... we therefore recommend the establishment of such an institution."

Three years later these men founded at Greencastle, in Putnam County, forty miles west of Indianapolis, a school, to which they gave the title of "The Indiana Asbury University." With the exception of the name alone, the institution was one of humble beginnings. It was called a university because its founders not only desired that it should become such, but they had faith to believe that the time would soon arrive when it would accomplish all that its name seemed to indicate or promise. As might have been expected, the enterprise was regarded with indifference, even with hostility, by many who should have been its most ardent supporters. It was therefore with no small degree of moral heroism that its founders pledged their influence, their prayers, and a large share of their means to its establishment and support. These men were not, as a rule, men of broad culture and liberal education; but they comprehended the nature of the work which they had undertaken, and they understood its importance, not only to the Church, but to the community and the State.

For four years the university consisted of only a preparatory school, occupying two half-furnished rooms in a small rented house. The principal of this school was Rev. CYRUS NUTT, one of the most active and efficient of Indiana's pioneer teachers. In 1839 the first faculty of the college was regularly appointed. It consisted of four members, its President being the Rev. MATTHEW SIMPSON, afterward the well-known Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the following year the first class, consisting of four members, was graduated. Of that class two are still living—Rev. T. A. GOODWIN, of Indianapolis, and Hon. JOSEPH E. MCDONALD, ex-United States Senator for Indiana.

Since the time of these small beginnings the history of the institution has been that of a series of struggles, invariably ending in triumph. At first it possessed neither lands nor buildings nor endowment. At the present time its grounds embrace, besides ample college campuses, a magnificent park and farm of more than a hundred acres. It possesses nine college buildings, some of them among the best devoted to the purposes of education anywhere. Among these are the West College, the McKim Observatory, the Music Hall, the Larrabee Mansion for students of divinity, the two dormitories, and the East College and Meharry Hall. The present faculty consists of forty-one professors and teachers, besides occasional lecturers and special instructors. The institution is thoroughly equipped with libraries, physical, chemical, and biological laboratories, and all the appliances of first-class institutions of learning. The number of students now in attendance in the various departments is nearly nine hundred, and includes young men and young women from all parts of the United States, from the Bermuda Islands, Great Britain, China, Japan; in fact there is scarcely any considerable portion of the globe which has not its representative at this great Methodist University.

In 1882 the name "Indiana Asbury University" was abandoned for that of "De Pauw University," in honor of the late Hon. WASHINGTON C. DE PAUW, to whose wise management and princely liberality much of the success of the institution has been due. The various gifts and provisions which the university has received from Mr. DE PAUW will probably aggregate nearly half a million dollars, and it is expected that still more will be received upon the final settlement of his estate. These donations, besides numerous liberal contributions from other friends, both in the Church and out of it, have placed the institution on a plane higher by far than even the most sanguine of its founders would have dared to hope.

The university embraces at present the following departments:

I. The Asbury College of Liberal Arts, which includes (1) a classical course, (2) a philosophical course, (3) a scientific course, (4) a course in literature and art.
II. The School of Theology.
III. The School of Law.
IV. The School of Military Science and Tactics.
V. The School of Music.
VI. The School of Art.
VII. The De Pauw Normal School.
VIII. The Greencastle Preparatory School.

Since the first organization of its faculty the University has been especially fortunate in the selection of its chief officers. As already noted, Bishop SIMPSON was its first President, serving from 1839 to 1849. He was succeeded by LUCIEN W. BERRY, 1849 to 1855; DANIEL CURRY, 1855 to 1859; Bishop THOMAS BOWMAN, 1859 to 1872; REUBEN ANDRUS, 1872 to 1875; and ALEXANDER MARTIN in 1875. Dr. MARTIN still remains at the head of the institution, and it is to his indefatigable industry and wise management that much of its present efficiency is due.

Although De Pauw University is a denominational institution, it is not sectarian either in its instruction or in its tendencies. Its great aim is to afford the highest quality of Christian education to its students, without any effort being made to proselyte from other branches of the Church. The results of its work are to be seen in the large number of young men and young women who annually leave its halls equipped and qualified to wield important influence over their fellow-men.

THE GOLD MINES ON THE YURUARI.

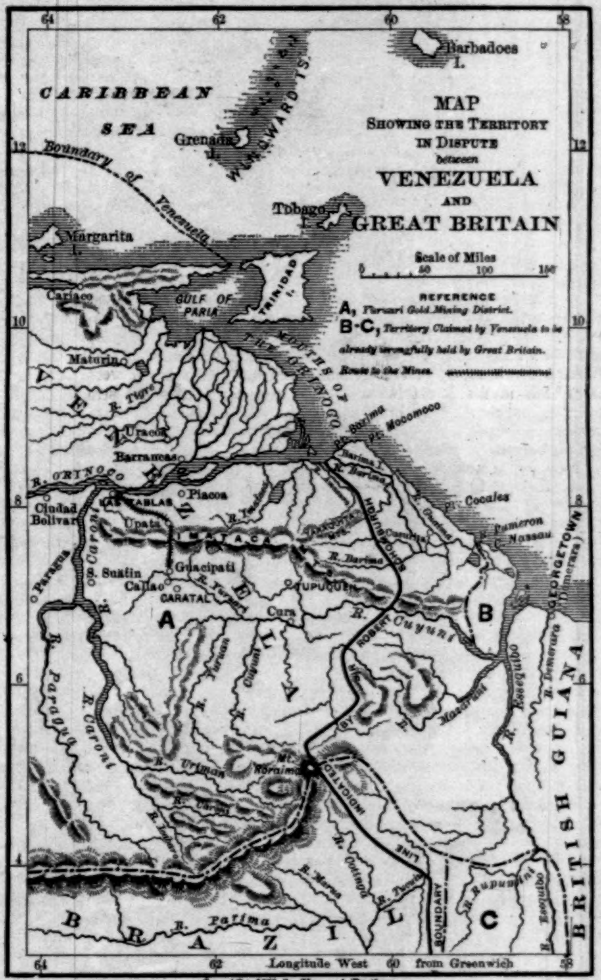
A LARGE share of public attention has been lately directed to the marvellously rich gold region on the shores of the Yuruari River, in Venezuelan Guiana. For somewhat over a score of years active mining operations have gone on in this district. Now, despite its not easily accessible locality and its pernicious climate, some of the largest and finest stamp-mills in the world are to be found in and about the towns of Callao and Caratal, and the yearly product of gold from the quartz veins is well over six million dollars in value. It is perhaps natural that England, which has for nearly half a century had an intermittent dispute with Venezuela about the boundary line between the British and Venezuelan Guianas, should have become more and more earnest in its demands and progressive in its claims as the development of the mining region went on, especially as to English capital this development has been due to a considerable extent. England has now become aggressive. After refusing to submit the matter to arbitration until the sorely tried Venezuelan republic has resumed the diplomatic relations it broke off as a result of another dispute, England sent recently, through its colonial government of British Guiana, a secret surveying expedition from that colony into territory long under Venezuelan rule, to the Yuruari gold-mining district itself. This somewhat inexplicable action has deepened the importance of the international dispute, and naturally has aroused intense indignation in Venezuela, which looks to the United States to interfere, protest in its behalf, or arbitrate, either on the ground of natural suitableness for the position of arbitrator in such a dispute in reference to territory in this hemisphere, or on the broader one of the MONROE doctrine.

As soon as the news of the British invasion—for not alone one, but two parties, one of armed police, started from Demerara—reached Ciudad Bolivar, the capital of Venezuelan Guiana, a body of national troops was despatched, according to accounts published here in the daily press, to prevent their progress. However, the first expedition, under Mr. MCTURK—the other having returned to Demerara—was quickly disposed of by the authorities of the Department of Roscio, in which the mining region on the Yuruari River lies. The leader was ordered to immediately leave Venezuelan territory with his men, not by the route they came, *viâ* the Essequibo, Cuyuni, and Yuruari rivers, but in an opposite direction, and through a country much more civilized and under more complete Venezuelan control. This route was by the public road to Las Tablas, on the Orinoco; thence to Ciudad Bolivar, and then down the river to the English island of Trinidad, and back along the coast by steamer to Georgetown, Demerara, the capital of British Guiana.

This was a somewhat ignominious fate for the little British band of surveyors, but the Venezuelan authorities acted promptly and wisely. The trouble, however, is by no means at an end. The British lion, having first donned its disguise of the ass's skin to deceive the Venezuelan panther, has begun to roar again, and the American eagle is beginning to take official notice of the matter. An enthusiastic and aggressive public meeting held at Exeter Hall, in London, some days ago, under the chairmanship of Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, passed resolutions endorsing the British government's policy in reference to the boundary dispute, and calling urgently for immediate action to assert the British claims to the extreme northwest limit. This means that Great Britain wants to absorb into British Guiana all the territory up to the Orinoco River on the west, including the much-coveted gold mines.

Señor A. M. SOTELDO, ex-Venezuelan Minister at Washington, who recently arrived in this country as one of the envoys to convey to the National Venezuelan Pantheon at Caracas the remains of General PAEZ, has also, it has been stated, a mission to the United States government in reference to the boundary dispute. It is evident that he and those who are aiding him have not been idle, for the day after the meeting in London steps were taken to bring the Venezuelan matter before Congress. Mr. BELMONT, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a preamble and resolution setting forth the facts that there were pending questions of disputed boundary between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana, that it was alleged that the British government had made claim, on behalf of the colony, to a considerable portion of valuable territory now and heretofore in the possession of Venezuela, and had refused to submit the question to arbitration, and requesting the President, if not incompatible with the public interest, to send to the House all documents or correspondence, if there be any, between our government and those of Great Britain and Venezuela in reference to the question in dispute between the latter two. In view of the prominence of this matter before the public eye, the map of the territory in dispute, and illustrations of scenes in the gold-mining region, which is the nugget in particular question, and at two main points on the regular route of approach to them, which we publish herewith, will be found of much interest. From the map the strategical importance to Great Britain of a boundary by the Orinoco will be easily seen, to say nothing of the value of the gold-mining country, while it will be noticed that with British Guiana on the east, and the island of Trinidad on the north, the English have great advantages should the intensely patriotic Venezuelans be compelled to take up arms in defence of one of the very richest provinces of their republic. With British iron-clads able to steam up to Ciudad Bolivar, where the river, 240 miles from the sea, is about four miles wide and nearly four hundred feet deep, and an invading force able to proceed by small steamers and boats on other rivers straight into the heart of Venezuelan Guiana, it is clear that Venezuela would stand a poor show against its possible and powerful adversary. It is hardly likely, however, that the affair will reach this point; and the part the United States may be called upon to play in the matter would be an important one.

In the map we publish will be seen the boundary line laid out by Sir ROBERT SCHOMBURGH nearly fifty years ago. This line does not include in British Guiana the gold-mining district on the Yuruari, and it was cast aside by the British government shortly after it was drawn. Then England said she would agree to the Moroca River as the boundary line on the west. This offer was refused by Venezuela.



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Of late years the British have claimed much more, and now nothing but a boundary by the Orinoco River will satisfy their demands. Exactly what they base them on has never been made quite clear.

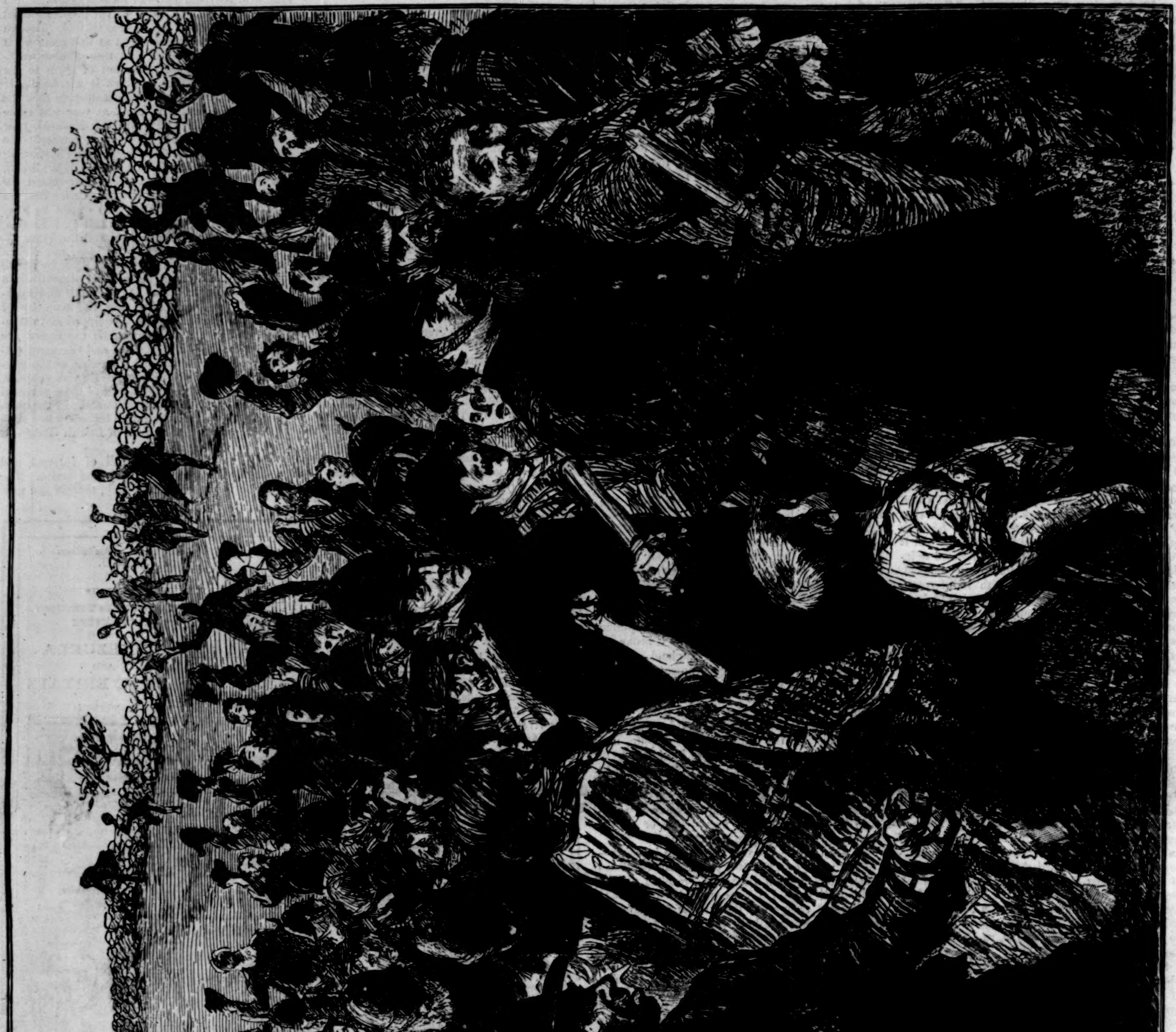
The Yuruari gold region is located on the south side of the river of that name, and from the glimpse of the river furnished in one of our principal illustrations, showing a characteristic view of a mining and milling property, it will be seen that it is very picturesque at that point. But the region is as unhealthy as it is beautiful, and a list of the deaths from the results of the hard life and the climate since the modern working of the mines which RALEIGH sought for as the region of Eldorado, and many other gallant adventurers failed or perished in their attempts to reach, would, could it be obtained, show that gold in that country is not like bread, earned simply by the sweat of a man's brow, but by his life's blood as well.

The regular route to the mines involves a long and tiresome journey. Leaving Trinidad, a view of which from an ocean steamer, anchored, as usual, several miles from the town of Port-of-Spain, is one of our illustrations, the voyager proceeds by a river steam-boat up the Orinoco, entering it by one of its smaller mouths, to Ciudad Bolivar, which is between three and four hundred miles distant. From Ciudad Bolivar, which all must visit to satisfy the Custom-house regulations, a short trip is then taken down the river again to Las Tablas, a small port on the southern bank, whence a journey on mule or horse back for some one hundred and fifty miles, over mountain spurs, forests, and llanos, leads to the shores of the Yuruari. The journey from Trinidad to the mines easily consumes a week. There are a few light carriages in the country, but almost all the travelling is done in the saddle, while the lighter freight is carried by donkeys and the heavier by large carts drawn by bullocks. The last method of transportation is naturally very slow. Ciudad Bolivar, the seat of the government of Venezuelan Guiana, is an important commercial centre. It is, as shown in our drawing, a pleasantly situated and not unpicturesque place.

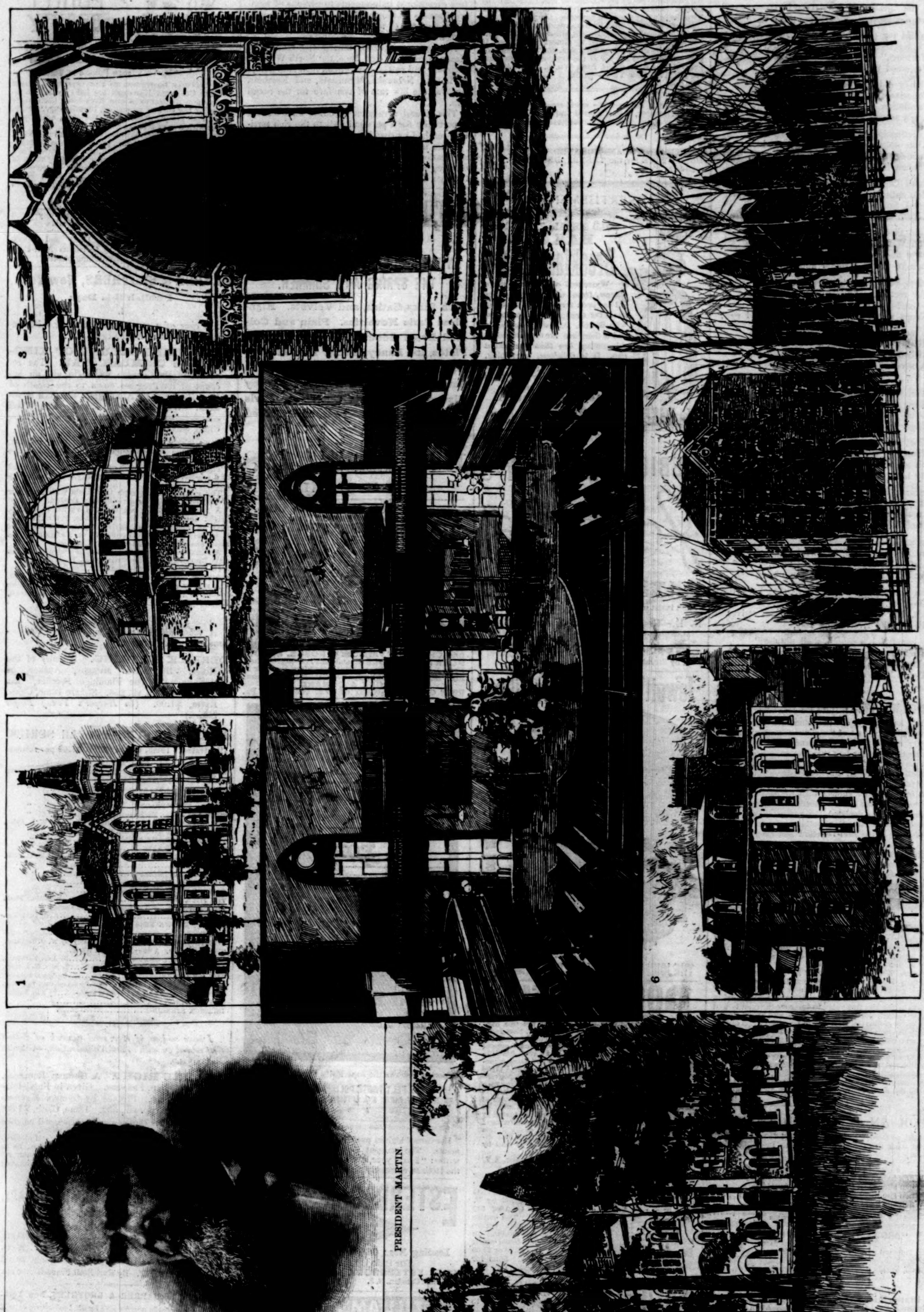
The gold of the mines is found in quartz seams, and the general character of the country rock is granitic. There are to be found rich alluvial washings, and the underground workings are extensive. The stamp-mills are numerous, and the gold, which is found native or with various sulphurets, is amalgamated and then retorted, being afterward cast in bars. The two mining towns of the district are Callao and Caratal, while Guacipati, near by, is where the courts sit which decide mining suits. At Callao are the mine, mills, and other works of the Callao Company, the richest of all the mining associations. They are owned by Venezuelans, and a large number of Americans are among the employés. During the first fourteen years of its production, which began in 1871, the value of the gold extracted from this mine was nearly $15,000,000. Though no reliable data are at hand at this moment, it may be safely assumed that these Callao workings have had gold taken out of them to the amount of $20,000,000, which is a remarkable output for seventeen years, considering that the value of the output in the first year was some $56,000. Other mines are the Nacupai, now owned by an English company, formerly the property of the Orinoco Mining and Exploring Company of Philadelphia, and sold, it is alleged, wrongfully, by the Venezuelan government for unpaid mining taxes; the Chili, Callao-Bis, the Potosi, Peru, and Panama, also owned by English companies; the Bolivar Hill and Eureka, owned by French companies; and the Tigre, Cicapra, Santa Rosa, Arbolito, Union, and Neuva Providencia, owned nearly all of them by native companies. There are any number of small mines worked by individuals. As the mills and workings of these companies are, the majority of them, both remarkably well equipped and extensive, and as six of the sixteen mentioned are owned by English capitalists, and the great majority of the laborers and a number of the company officials in the district are English subjects, it will be seen that England has deep personal as well as political interests at stake in the question as to whether the future boundary line shall include this region as part of British Guiana or not.

Life at the mines is full of interest, and naturally remarkably exciting and active. The climate is the chief drawback, though the government has apparently not always been without reproach in its treatment of foreign companies. Life from man's act is comparatively safe; in fact, as safe as in most newly developed mining regions. There have been a number of murders, chiefly of foreigners, and an American, who had charge of the armed party which at stated intervals carries down the bullion from the mining district to Las Tablas, and thence by steamer to Ciudad Bolivar, was killed by bandits about ten years ago. The murderers were, however, captured, and the bullion was recovered. Funerals are most unpleasantly familiar incidents of every day—we had almost said every hour. Though the superintendents, engineers, and other chief employés of the various mining companies are of all nationalities, Americans, Englishmen, and natives being most prominent, the laborers are very largely West Indian negroes, chiefly from the British islands. As the arrangements for the living of these men are usually poor, they are very easily affected by the climate. A coffin when a man dies is usually a mark of some distinction. The majority are buried in their hammocks, with their poncho-like blankets thrown over them. A pole supports the burden, and the bearers are two companions.

From the above facts it will be gathered that the mines of Venezuelan Guiana are of great importance in the consideration of man's extraction of gold at the many localities where it is found. And whatever may be the result of the present international dispute, it is certain that the public in general will in the future take a more lively interest in the gold-fields of Venezuelan Guiana than it has done in the past.



SKETCHES IN THE WEST OF IRELAND—ARRESTS AT A "PROCLAIMED" MEETING.—[See Page 210.]



PRESIDENT MARTIN.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, GREENCASTLE, INDIANA.—[See Page 207.]

1. East College. 2. McKim Observatory. 3. Northwest Entrance to East College. 4. Interior View of Meharry Hall. 5. West College. 6. Conservatory of Music. 7. The old Campus and Men's Dormitory.

IN A PRINTING-OFFICE.

A QUESTION FOR AGNOSTICS.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

And did my poor book print itself?
"Concourse fortuitous"—and queer—
"Of atoms," from some starry shelf
Projected to this mundane sphere?

Or haply did my "master-mind"
Conceive the thought and leave it there,
By evolution slow to find
Life's secret, whether foul or fair?

Its destination, aim, and use
Alike obscure: a chance-sown seed
Chance-drifted, without power to choose,
Though infinite in hope and need?

Created like that mystic spark
Man calls his "soul," which no man made,
Created, but left blind and dark,
Like him, the shadow of a shade?

Or did that secret, unknown force,
The Will, so mighty to command,
Control and guide it from its source,
Infinite power through finite hand?

Perfect, yet with some possible flaws
For rectifying by-and-by,
By—me?—or whatsoe'er First Cause
Keeps watch o'er heart and hand and eye?

Till out of nothing it evolve
That wondrous thing, a printed page,
Half body, half soul: problem unsolved,
A mystery from age to age.

* * * * * * *

O Father! art Thou less than we,
Mere phantoms of an hour, yet still
Desiring, yearning after Thee,
Eager to learn and do Thy will?

O God, wilt Thou deal worse with us
Than we with this poor work of ours,
With steadfast labor finished thus
By heart, brain, soul, and bodily powers?

It cannot be, for Thou art just;
It will not be—Thy name is Love—
To make us, creatures born of dust,
Conceive of Thee, Thy heaven above,

Life upon earth, heroic, sweet,
Fearless of death, its awful close,
An after-life where lost loves meet,
And dead joys blossom as the rose,

Then give us—*nothing!* Love, that lives
Undying though our flesh decay,
Faith, that through thickest darkness strives
To see the Everlasting Day,

Cry out, "This cannot—shall not be!"
Then let our dim years onward run,
Certain at last to find out Thee.
Thy will be done—Thy will be done!

WHICH WAS IT? BACON OR SHAKESPEARE?

The authorship of the dramatic productions attributed to the last of the above named is agitating literary circles to the very centre, but affects the practical masses far less than the momentous question, how to regain or preserve health, that essential of bodily and mental activity, business success, and the "pursuit of happiness." We can throw far more light on this latter subject than the most profound Shakespearian can on the question first propounded. If the system is depleted, the nerves shaky; if indigestion or constipation bothers one at times, or constantly; if the skin is yellow and tongue furred as in biliousness; if there are premonitory twinges of on-coming rheumatism or neuralgia; if the kidneys are inactive—use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest recuperant of an age prolific in beneficial and successful remedies. Remember, if malaria threatens or afflicts, that it neutralizes the poison and fortifies the system.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN NEEDED,

everybody should use Riker's popular and reliable family medicines and toilet requisites, all of which they legally guarantee to give entire satisfaction or they return your money.

Messrs. Wm. B. Riker & Son have honestly earned and fully deserve the preference and confidence of the people over all other druggists and manufacturers of medicines. Show your appreciation of their untiring efforts of the last five years to improve the quality and reduce the price of Drugs, Medicines, and Toilet Preparations by giving their preparations a trial when opportunity offers, especially when by so doing you benefit yourself, both in the quality of the article and in price.

Their goods may now be obtained of all independent and reasonable dealers, including the dry-goods houses. An illustrated descriptive catalogue will be sent free on application to Wm. B. Riker & Son, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists. Established forty-two years at 353 6th Ave., New York.—[*Adv.*]

FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT,

Cough, or Cold, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

Riker's Compound Sarsaparilla. It contains no Mercury, Potash, or Arsenic, while its effect is quicker and far more satisfactory than any. In fact, we guarantee entire satisfaction or agree to return the money. Extra large bottles (17½ ounces), 75 cents. Two doses a day does the business.

Insist on having Riker's Sarsaparilla and you are positively sure of cure. Do not allow any one to persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers. If any druggist refuses to supply you, you can be sure of getting what you *ask for* at the dry-goods houses and general stores, or direct from Wm. B. Riker & Son, 353 6th Ave., New York.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK
EXTRACT of MEAT
and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

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A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

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TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

WASHINGTON

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net Assets, December 31, 1886		$7,813,631.36
Receipts during the year 1887:		
For Premiums	$1,654,211.21	
For Interest, Rents, &c.	420,820.28	2,075,031.49
		$9,888,662.85
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death	$510,594.54	
Matured and Discounted Endowments	163,307.20	
Cash Dividends, Return Premiums, and Surrendered Policies	409,937.89	
Annuities	4,760.85	
Total paid Policy-holders	$1,088,600.48	
Taxes	17,581.82	
Commuted Commissions	75,470.33	
Profit and Loss	4,371.77	
Dividends to Stockholders	8,547.00	
Expenses: Rent, Commissions, Salaries, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, &c.	306,731.06	$1,501,302.46
Net Assets, December 31, 1887		$8,387,360.39
Policies issued in 1887		3,635
Amount of Insurance in 1887,		$8,298,275

ASSETS.		
U. S. and N. Y. City Stocks	$659,703.42	
Bonds and Mortgages being first liens on real estate	6,791,998.67	
Real Estate	568,131.96	
Cash on hand and in Banks and Trust Co.	106,204.04	
Loans on Collaterals	200,418.43	
Agents' Balances	60,903.87	$8,387,360.39
Add excess of market value of Stocks over cost		167,546.58
Interest accrued		70,397.97
Interest due and unpaid		5,764.28
Deferred and Unpaid Prem's, less 20 per cent		237,313.48
Gross Assets, Dec. 31, 1887		$8,868,382.70
LIABILITIES.		
Reserve by N. Y. standard (same as Mass.), Dep't value	$8,273,960.00	
Claims in course of Adjustment	18,560.00	
Matured Endowments not yet called for	1,454.70	
Premiums paid in advance	7,504.84	
Unpaid Expenses, &c.	3,125.65	
Surplus as regards Policy-holders*	$563,777.51	$8,868,382.70
Total number of Policies in force	17,761	
Total amount insured	$39,506,527	

*** Surplus by former New York Standard $1,064,071.51.**

Policies kept in force by dividends in 1887 that would have been forfeited in any other Company. No. 1182; amount, $3,555,200.

Claims paid in 1887 under policies held by dividends, $12,114.

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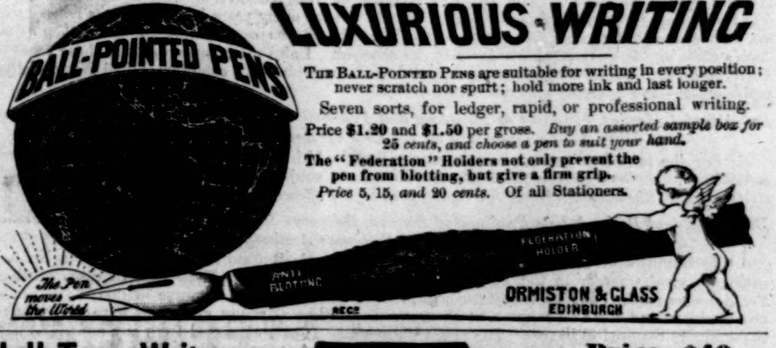

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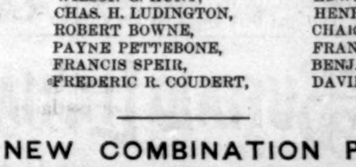

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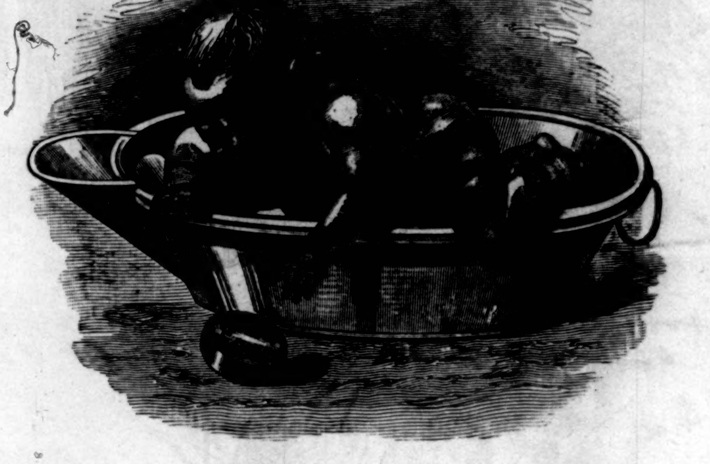

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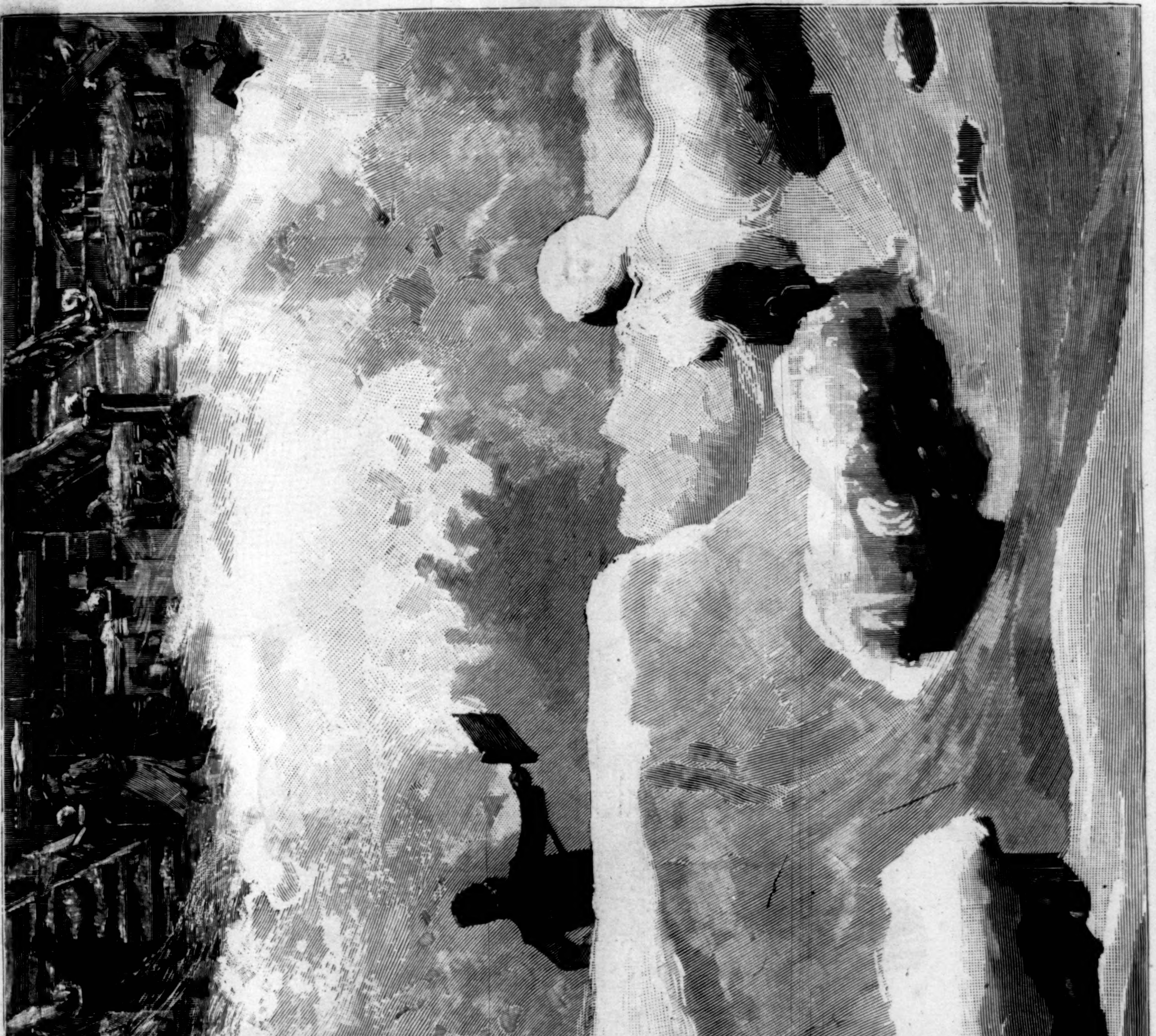
THE PERILS OF UNION SQUARE IN THE MIDST OF THE BLIZZARD.—Drawn by Otto Stark.



ASPECT OF AN UP-TOWN STREET THE DAY AFTER THE STORM.—Drawn by Charles Parsons.